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CHIP, THE CAVE CHILD;

A STORY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

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CHAPTER X.

JOHN LAKE, THE QUAKER PREACHER.

The sun shone uninterruptedly for three days. During that time, all was hilarity and good cheer at the inn, among most of those who remained. Many of the company had gone, but others had taken their places. The Quaker preacher, who, during his stay, had been silent and retired most of the time, sitting by himself in the little parlor, was still at the inn; and the fat little landlord chuckled and rubbed his hands as he declared that he never had such a jolly lot of good customers in all his born days before—no, never in *this* world, never.

Nick sat patiently in the corner, nursing his foot and watching the Quaker, as he sometimes walked the floor of the little parlor that led out of the kitchen, with his hands folded behind, and resting on the broad flaps of his gray coat.

Another new comer, an exact opposite of the preacher, was a slender, mild-eyed gentleman, a professor of languages, with a thoughtful countenance, a forehead retreating somewhat, but ample, a mouth perfect in repose, and a rare smile that broke like moonlight over his pale face. A cynic must have gazed upon such a countenance with pleasure. He was on a leisure tour, botanizing and collecting minerals, of which latter he had with him a handsome carpet-bag collection.

Le Vaugn rarely ventured beyond the precinct of his chamber, though since the professor, who was an old friend, had come, he had invited him, with Park Dinsmore, to spend the evening with him. He seemed unwilling to encounter the Quaker, and often turned nervously away from the glance of his dark eye.—But one day, the last but one before the little company took their separate ways out into the world, while Nick stood in Le Vaugn's room, describing the cave in which Mother Kurstegan for so many years had defied the scrutiny of the community, a knock at the door startled Le Vaugn, and to his response, in marched friend John, with his Bible in his hand, and planted himself before him, saying—

"The Spirit moved me, yea! the Lord hath a message for thee, and I am come to deliver it."

Le Vaugn, taken by surprise, did not for a moment speak.

"I perceive by the affliction of thy countenance, and by thy demeanor generally, that there is that on thy conscience that troubleth thee, therefore turn to the Lord, and He will have mercy on thee."

"My good man, if you do not turn to that door, and walk straight from this room, you may not find mercy at *my* hands!" exclaimed Le Vaugn, with swelling nostrils and flashing eyes.

"I am commissioned of the Lord to speak to thee," returned the Quaker, gazing with undaunted mien in the proud man's face, "and human threatenings do not intimidate me. I resisted this call from my Master, until sleep forsook my eyelids. I wrestled in prayer for thee in the still hours of the night, when suddenly awakened by thy groanings and tossings—but the voice said 'go,' and I come. Darest thou lay thy hands on an embassador of Christ?"

This was said with an air of such sincerity, a voice so calmly impressive, that the bold eye of Le Vaugn fell.

"My good man," he repeated, more quietly, "go your way; when I want you, I can call for you."

"'Go thy way for this once!' thou sayest—that is the poor sinner's cry—'go thy way until a more convenient season.' Alas! man of sin, wilt thou stand in defiance of God's mercy until the cry is forced from thy trembling lips—'the harvest is past, the summer is ended, and my soul is not saved?' I come to bring thee glad tidings of great joy. Unburden thyself at the feet of thy Redeemer; cry aloud for mercy, that Jesus Christ may wash that stain of guilt from thy soul."

"What do you insinuate, sir? What do you mean?" cried Le Vaugn, furiously, lifting himself from his chair, still resting his hand upon the carved arms, his whitening cheek and quivering lip revealing some internal agony.

"Thou art not walking in the narrow path of holiness, man of the world!" exclaimed John Lake, nothing daunted. "Destruction encompasseth thee, and the flowers that grow in the broad way of thy sensual desires, have left their thorns buried deep and festering within thy heart. I warn thee—go not to God with the heavy weight of unrepented guilt upon thy soul. For thou canst not imagine the terrors of an eternal remorse. What wilt thou say to God, standing in the light of His holy presence, as His searching eye seeth into the darkest, deepest depth of thy heart? Man, wilt thou dare say to thy Master, 'go Thy way?'"

"You have chosen a strange theme and time," replied Le Vaugn, gradually sinking into his seat.

"God's time is now," said the Quaker preacher, solemnly. "He has clothed me in the armor of His gospel; He has bidden me go preach the gospel to every creature, whether he hear or whether he forbear. Wherever I see the mark of evil passions, or read upon my brother's brow the hand-writing of remorse, I will carry my Master's message—yea, verily!"

"Parson, you'll excuse me from listening to you any longer; I know nothing of theology, and I want none of it."

"Call me friend," said the Quaker, softly, "for by that name do Christians know me; and be not angry that I follow the movings of God's spirit thus to exhort thee. Forgive me that *I* say there lieth the shadow of a dark deed upon thy brow at times, and thine uneasy actions do typify the restless thoughts that consume thee. If thou wilt accept peace, yea! verily, thou shalt have it; peace I leave with you—my peace I give unto you—not as the world giveth, give I unto you."

"You have done that which no man ever dared do before, and but for your gray coat, and your broad brim, and your gray hairs, you might have found yourself at the foot of the stairs," retorted Le Vaugn, with a mocking accent; "but I will pick no quarrel with you, though I have been insulted by your suspicions. I shall listen to you no longer."

"I am a man of few words, friend," returned the Quaker, mildly, "but verily am I moved by the spirit to say, thy sin shall find thee out. Behold, the innocent hath been thy prey; a lamb hath fallen before thee, and the prayer of her that is despoiled hath gone up before God. The pall hangeth over thy household; the hearse waiteth at the hall door; and the mourners go about mourning. Beware! man of sin! the spirit moveth me to say, if thou wilt not accept mercy, thou shalt receive wrath."

Le Vaugn, pale, tremulous and awe-struck, moved not, nor stirred, as the gaunt form of the Quaker passed quietly from the room. Still he sat spell-bound, unmindful that Nick, wondering and listening, yet comprehending nothing, had gathered himself in the corner during the exciting interview. At length he drew a long breath, looked about absently, and his eye falling on the boy, he exclaimed, with scarcely a movement of his lips,

"Go shut that door, sir, and never open it again to that Quaker hypocrite. He and the old hag fortune-teller," he muttered aside, "are enough to drive a man mad. Look, boy, keep your mouth close; not a word of this to any one; and after I have done with you, carry my compliments to young Dinsmore and Professor Van Alstyne, and ask them to come in this evening. Where are the draughts I told you to bring me?"

"Here they be, sir," replied the boy, displaying a board of home manufacture, and a box of rudely cut draughts.

"Very well, now leave the room; to-morrow we make for the cave; so go to bed early that you may be up with the sun; do you hear?"

CHAPTER XI.

THE TRIO IN THE INN CHAMBER.

Mastina threw an armful of dried wood on the fire.

"Ah! that is delightful!" exclaimed Le Vaugn, looking up from his book as the blaze diffused a red light over the room, making the humble curtains of the little bed silver-white and crimson in the glow.

"Yes, this is cheerful; here, my good girl, pray accept a trifle from me; you have been thoughtful of my comfort, and I should hardly be worthy of the good wife waiting at home for me if I did not appreciate your efforts to please—take this," and he pressed a gold coin between her fingers, "it will serve to remember me by."

"Thank you, sir, I am sure," replied the girl with a grateful look and curtsey, and a declaration to herself that in spite of his strange look he *was* handsome, and a generous gentleman as ever lived; and she went out of the room bobbing every now and then, although his back was turned.

Mastina had left Le Vaugn's chamber but a moment when Professor Van Alstyne and young Dinsmore entered.

"What a capital fire!" cried Park, boyishly swinging a chair round; and seating himself he drew his red dressing-gown about his knees and spread his hands to the fire. Le Vaugn glanced at his bright young face on which the fire had kindled a rosier glow, and checked a rising sigh.

"For kings bethink them what their states require
Where shepherds careless carol by the fire,"

murmured Professor Van Alstyne, his dark eye glowing.

"Fine shepherds, we," laughed Dinsmore, slapping his knees, "I, with my dandy dressing-gown, you with your clerical looking suit, and Mr. Le Vaugn with his everlasting cloak. By-the-way, pardon me, but I never look at you without a dim suspicion that you were born with a cloak on your shoulders," he added saucily.

Le Vaugn laughed, saying,

"My cloak and I are old friends; and the sharp draughts of this crazy old house have drawn us into closer companionship than ever, my old cloak and I," and as he spoke he let it slip from his shoulders on to the back of the gubernatorial arm-chair.

"What a strange compound of zeal and oddity there is in the person of that old gray chap down stairs," said Park, lazily stretching out his limbs. "I declare if the old fellow didn't begin to lecture me because I made a cigarette of paper, and pretended to smoke, just to see what he would say. You ought to have seen how soon the spirit moved him to his yeas and verilies. I wonder who he is? I've heard the name, and seen the man before, but I can't tell where."

"He is well known in Philadelphia," replied the gentle professor, lifting his dark eyes bent dreamily on the flames; "I have seen him often. He is a thrifty and successful business-man—a speaker of distinction among his sect—is engaged in the straw-business—has a large central ware-house, and employs some twenty women and young girls.

"Pretty girls, too," rattled Park, smiling abstractedly as he spoke; "I've been there on commissions for my mother, and I used to tremble before such a battery of bright eyes."

"The old Quaker has good taste, then, I should presume," said Le Vaugn with a dash of irony.

"That has he," replied Park, "and once I saw him with positively an angel on his arm coming out of Hantz's old haunted house—you know the Hantz house—ah, professor, I've caught you—biting your lip and blushing like a girl! By all the divinities, I do believe you know who I mean better than I do myself."

A violent crimson had bespread the face of the professor; he looked up and he looked down, besides looking excessively foolish for a moment.

"Come, come, confess," cried Park, with boyish enthusiasm.

"I have nothing to confess," said the other, "only that I have a pupil in that haunted house, as you call it, whose mother, that is I think she is her mother, if I rightly understand, is the forewoman in Quaker John's straw establishment."

"Except for his broad brim and the cut of his coat, the man seems to me more like an itinerant Methodist parson," said Le Vaugn, with his cold, sneering voice; "he is most violent and denunciatory—I am told," he added hastily, as he caught the glance of Van Alstyne.

Though seemingly occupied with the checker-board before him, which Le Vaugn had been spreading, the professor was silent and abstracted. He was thinking of that mysterious girl—his pupil of the haunted house.

"I see your mind is still hovering somewhere in the vicinity of John Lake & Co.," laughed young Dinsmore, pushing the board away, and making a youthful demonstration of *ennui*. "I'll tell you what! it's dull in this old inn—I'm for getting up some fun; come, what say you, professor, now the roads are passable, let us get out our host's old spavined gray that he calls 'the best horse in *this* world'—and that ghostly old coach that looks as if the spirits of defunct stagers took it out every night for exercise—" and he yawned again, but suddenly struck an erect attitude as a low, soft music-dirge came wafted on the invisible pinions of the wind.

"There!" cried Park, "there's the cave child—the first time since the storm. Jove! how I have longed to hear it—whistle again, pretty one."

"That," said the professor, "sounds like an Eolian. Perhaps the deity of the winds has made yonder wood his favorite resort;" he paused suddenly as he caught sight of Le Vaugn's face; it was a bluish color, settling darkly about the eye-lids, and giving him a startling and unnatural appearance.

Half leaning forward, Le Vaugn exclaimed, in a low voice,

"WHAT MEANS THIS MOCKERY? THE CHILD IS NOT HERE."

"Did you ever know of such a thing?"

"As what!" asked Van Alstyne.

"Do you think nature, by some peculiar formation of a tree trunk or branch, could pour her winds through the crevices in such a way as to produce a sound so human as that we have just heard?"

"I certainly do," replied the professor, "and that she produces every tone, and every modulation of the human voice. Perhaps you have thought sometimes as I have, when sitting in an old, deserted house, you have listened to the rude revels of the storm. In it how often I have embodied the cry of anguish, the shriek of remorse, the wail of eternal sorrow, the soft moan of maternal love, disappointed in its fondest hopes—the cry of the outcast—the howl of the seeker after blood—the—"

"Stop," cried Le Vaugn, starting to his seat with a fierce, frozen look—then, as if to conceal his unwonted agitation, he fell to beating the fire—breaking open the glowing heart of the coals, till a loud succession of small pistol-like explosions, scattered the broken fragments far and near.

"I beg your pardon," he mildly added, a moment after, "but to tell you the truth, my nerves are none of the strongest, owing to a frightful system of education practiced in my childhood."

When the trio separated for the night, Park whispered to Van Alstyne,

"Every time he has heard that noise, it has produced the same effect; that man is either a coward or a criminal, and I shouldn't care about being in his confidence."

"He is an intelligent man, nevertheless," returned Van Alstyne, "and *my* rule is, never to think harm till I know wrong; good-night."

CHAPTER XII.

LE VAUGN VISITS THE CAVE.

"Whoa! you beast—whoa."

The sound reached Le Vaugn, who opened his window and gazed into the stable yard. Every dry stick, leafless twig and withered grass-blade, was gemmed with dew, and the wide area of the tavern was all astir. Turkeys, hens, chickens, cats and dogs, stared in mute wonder at the vision of the old coach and the lean horse that Job Goodale prized next to his wife and child. An old, lame, black beggar, a fixture at the inn on pleasant days, lounged in his accustomed place against the pump, his purple shirt hanging in tatters over his stained and greasy leather-breeches. Mastina stood with red, fat arms akimbo, laughing lustily, and Nick was leading the poor old horse across the yard. Park, full of the spirit of fun, had carried out his design, and as the rusty coach swung to and fro at a touch, its battered door, tarnished leather-curtains, mud-colored body, and general dilapidation from tongue to strap, made it an object of ludicrous interest.

"Stage ready!" cried Park, mounting with a flourish, handling the reins in true driver-style, and turning the lumbering vehicle, out of whose broken windows looked the pleasant face of the professor—and away they drove.

Bestowing an impatient glance upon the youth and his frolic, Le Vaugn turned from the window, to prepare for his visit to the cave. Breakfast over, his horse was brought round, Nick placed on the saddle behind him, and they proceeded on their way. It was a cool, but vividly fresh and lovely morning. The dew lay like crowded jewels on the bushes by the wayside, lighted with splendor by the sun. The gaudy flowers of autumn expended all their vitality in bloom, and the closely set edges of the road, bordered with pines, oaks, and maples gave out their peculiar odor. The air blew freshly, and the little boy Nick snuffed it up with a sense of pleasure exquisite as it was rare. The day proved a golden one; earth and sky alike rejoiced in beauty. Spray after spray of the woodland boughs shook down their drops of silver upon the heads of the travellers. Sometimes they came to a clearing where the land gave evidence of richness, and the fragrant stacks of hay heaped in the open fields, told the story of thrift and wealth. And there stood the farm-house of the old Pennsylvania farmer, its massive front rejoicing in innumerable windows, and heavy porticoed doors. The wood-pile suggestive of farm-house-fires in ample chimneys; of Christmas cheer and hearty-hospitality; the bare-armed girls driving the cows with laughter and tones of country heartiness, the team standing under the shadow of oaks—the great barn, where rustic rejoicings on frolic nights, echoed among the solid timbers and rebounded from banks of sweet-smelling hay—the barn-yard alive with feathered broods—the low of oxen, the hum of the water-wheel from the distant mill, the voices of the farmer and his boys; even Le Vaugn, whose thoughts were profoundly locked in the deep recesses of his head, could not but flush with pleasure as his poetic sense took in these country sights and sounds.—Then came long stretches of smooth and level meadow, interspersed with princely trees and studded with king-cups, over which danced innumerable golden-winged butterflies—and anon a little sheet of liquid blue and gold with the sunny shadows of white clouds floating on its surface, shut in between lids of mossy turf.

The sun was two hours high when they neared the spot which Nick remembered as having passed through, and which now, even with the presence of Le Vaugn, he trembled to approach. The previous rains had saturated and swollen the earth, and at every step the mud and water oozed up over their feet. Le Vaugn tied his horse, drew his boots up outside his nether garments, and after surveying the bush and peering in vain through the matted undergrowth, essayed to thrust himself through on the other side.

"You see I'm waiting for you."

The voice was low, hollow, and unearthly. Nick stood shivering in every limb, and Le Vaugn glanced aghast as the gaunt form of Mother Kurstegan lifted itself from the forest-gloom, and her chuckle, defiant with suppressed malice, sounded on his ear.

"Did you expect to find it with *that* witling?" she asked, pointing to Nick, who crouched away with terror. "He! ha! set a fool to lead a fool on a fool's errand. Come, you see I expected you, and so waited; if you want proof I'm ready to give it." So saying she plunged into the path and Le Vaugn followed her, forgetting Nick, who in his excitement and terror clung to the place through which he had emerged, and as soon as he lost sight of the two, eagerly found his way out into the road.

"Take care, don't break your neck," muttered the old woman, turning at every plunge and smiling grimly at the bespattered object in her rear; "this is a swampy place, reckon you think; it ain't like the city streets you're used to, is it, honey?" Thus mockingly she taunted him until they came on firmer ground and began the ascent of the hills.

"See, now isn't this a fine open place to bring up a child?" at last she said, pausing and confronting him; "no brick walls, no stifled yards, all nature, grand nature, my own mother, once," she cried, lifting her arms, "before the curse of the white man came upon me. Six long years they sent me to the schools, and took pride in my quickness and my genius; but it was only a curse to the Indian girl; sorrow was the first great lesson, made stronger and keener by the possession of knowledge. And the same with my own child. Oh! why didn't I take her into the wilderness and bring her up in solitude, never to see the face of man? Come—come along," she added, in another mood, "I've got a nice little grave to show you, up here."

The words and the manner struck a deathly chill through the frame of the strong man, but he followed on though his knees smote together, and his heart failed him for fear. At length they reached the hut, when springing inside the little cave, the Indian exclaimed, "now you may go away as wise as you came; I can defend myself, and you can't come in here, for if ever a tigress sought to revenge the loss of her young, I am she." Le Vaugn dared not enter; he felt that if he did so it would be at the peril of his life. He turned, and the little shaft of wood, with the epitaph burnt thereon, met his sight. With a great cry he wrenched the board out from the moist ground, and then he listened and crouched down by the door of the cave, fancying he heard the click of a gun-lock. "The hag! she will murder me, for aught I know; the place and the hour are fit. Hark!" and he listened again, then sought to find crack or crevice that he might look within, but in vain—all was silent. As he stood there, the mouldy board at his feet, his lips locked together, his teeth clenched, and with folded arms, glared round on the regal surroundings of lavish nature—the grand sky above him, the calm hills beneath, his thoughts were frightful, and his frame throbbed with the intensity of his emotions. His eye, dry and bright, wandered restlessly from the cave to the tracts of woodland below, as if he would find some traces of the little child's feet, for he would not believe her dead. His cheek, now sunken and pallid, now flushed and palpitating, betrayed by the rapid movement of the muscles the dreadful strife of thought. In imagination he saw a dimly lighted room, a couch on which was stretched a fragile figure, looking already shrouded for death, in her white garments. It was the pale, sweet, pleading face of his wife, who, since the time of her great trial, when from street to street echoed the cry, "a child *is* lost—stolen!" had never smiled, but in the anguish of her sorrow had wept night and day, till she stood a weary shadow, on the borders of the grave. Frantic with the crowding images that thronged his brain, he walked to and fro, back and forth, as the voices of earth seemed echoing his wife's mournful plaint, "bring me my child," and stooping, at last, he seized the wooden head board, and threw the grave-soil up till he had reached the bottom. The coarse bag and the few bones it contained were all that rewarded his search. These he replaced, satisfied, after a momentary examination, that these were not human bones, and a bitter execration escaped him as he exclaimed, "what means this mockery? the child is not here—come out, Indian devil, tell me if she be living or dead, and I will leave this cursed spot."

A mocking laugh was the Indian's answer as she stood again before him. "I told you in the letter that she was alive, and so she is; I tell you, too, that she is dead; do you believe it? Hark—don't go off mad now; gentlemen should never show temper; it may do for a savage. There, now, you are in a fume; how impolite! Shan't I hold your hand to steady you? Don't look at me that way, it isn't good manners. Come, let me comfort you. If you don't find one of your own blood *here*, you will in that little imp at the tavern. I told you you should certainly see your own child, and I have kept my word; take care of him as you would of her and see what will come of it," and taking a narrow, trodden path, she walked rapidly away, her laugh dying on the still air. The hut was indeed empty; no trace of a child was any where to be seen. Baffled, enraged, the hapless father turned his face towards the descent. He was entirely ignorant of the locality, he had taken no note of the surroundings as he came, so that he found himself, after a little time, vainly seeking a path in the thick forest at the foot of the hill."

"Why, Nick! how came you here!" he exclaimed, as the boy presented himself, in the time of his extremity, soiled and panting and pale.

"I felt 's if you'd want me," replied Nick, hanging his head at the warmth of voice and evident pleasure expressed by Le Vaugn.

"You did a brave thing, boy; you are no coward; I'll repay you for this; you shall go home and live with me, and be to me as a son."

The boy's dark eyes sparkled with pleasure, for his had been the hard lot of an outcast from his infancy. Reared in a workhouse, accustomed to daily cruelty, with no remembrance of father or mother, nothing to call out either love or ambition, it seemed like opening the light of a new world to him to hear the voice of kindness or commendation. Carefully Le Vaugn picked his way through the wood, Nick going before, until they came out where the horse still stood, impatient from his long confinement.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHIP AND THE SNACKSKIN FAMILY.

"Gee—gete up, Jeff—jog along, Pete—don't you be frightened, sissy; guess the old woman'll give you a good bed and something nice for supper. Ain't got no tongue, have you, sissy? got no tongue at all, sames's Mrs. Snackskin hain't got any work to do; dropt down from the sky, just like a micey; nice little girl—haw—gete up, Jeff—here we are—here's the lane—there's Bob onhitching the gate—there's the young ones. Been good boy, Bob? Yaas—got a penny for you—now you let me git this ere little bundle out, and then you take the team and see to Jeff, now, and don't let Pete git too many oats, the greedy rascal. Come, little one."

Chip had been in the same bewildering state of mind from the time she was lifted in the wagon until the present moment. When she felt again the grasp of the rough but kindly hand, her little frame shook from head to foot. It was dusk, but not sufficiently deep to hide from her sight a swarm of yellow heads, each clamoring to know what dad had got.

"Git out, all of you; go in to your ma and tell her I've brought another young one home, a poor little creetur I picked up by the side of the wild woods, with nary a livin' critter near her. Somebody or nuther got tired of her, I s'pose; like's not, folks is so heartless now-a-days;" and so talking, holding the trembling child against his heavy driver's coat, he entered the ample kitchen, followed by nine youngsters, clamoring, laughing, shouting, and demanding to see the queer thing dad had got.

"It's a little gal! oh! ain't she putty," cried the youngest, who looked as if she might be one of a third pair of twins.

"She's skeery," shouted another.

"Humph! well—you have been and gone and done a smart thing, Hiram Snackskin!" muttered a stunted little body whose breadth of hip and shoulder corresponded almost exactly with the distance from crown to foot; "we ain't got no children, Hiram Snackskin, not a chick nor a child to bless ourselves with, not a mouth to feed, not a foot to shoe, not a hand to mitten, nor a leg to stocking, we are poor, childless people, and so you've gone and brought home another gal!"

The teamster scratched his head and looked dubiously in the fire, then his glance falling upon the scared waif whose wild eyes seemed haunted with the ghost of a vague fear, he said, pointing one finger towards her, "La!

mother, she don't make but one more; 'tain't much—'sides, maybe her folks 'll come after her and give us something for keepin' her." This overcame the dame's gravity; to think of any one with means coming after the meagre, scantily clad child, whose only head-covering was a soiled brown handkerchief, and whose feet looked out from between ragged leather, was something that her thrift-loving brain could not seriously comprehend.

"Come after a beggar!" she said laughing, "come after a beggar like that—Hiram Snackskin, I do believe you're a fool."

"La! mother, she can work or do something," said Hiram, throwing his driver's coat on the nearest chair.

"She'll make me work," you mean, "'cause you know, Hiram Snackskin, I ain't got scarcely nothing to do, only ten children to take care of, meals to get, butter to churn, wood to saw and split, fires to make, and you and the house to take care for, besides the whole of the farm hands; I tell you what, that gal shall go to the poor-house right off."

"Don't be 'fraid, mammy don't mean a word she says," whispered the oldest girl; "we'll have tearin' times here—we always has tearin' times; we'll learn you lots of fun. Look, here's Tim, ain't he handsome? kiss her, Tim, there's a good dog—la! ma, the young one has gone into a fit."

At sight of suffering the motherly heart was roused; she bent over the pallid child to whom the great shaggy house-dog—a sight she had never seen before—had seemed like one of Mother Kurstegan's evil spirits, and in thus administering to her wants, the face so delicate and spiritual, the long lashes, the richly waving locks, won her admiration, and loud and indignant were her protestations against the heartless being who could desert a child so tender, so beautiful!

"There, send Tim away, she's coming to," cried Mrs. Snackskins. "I'd like to have her mother see her as she looks now, poor darling."

"Maybe her mother was some poor unfortunit cretur," suggested Hiram, lighting his pipe.

"Then I don't have no such trash in my house," rejoined his wife, after another deliberate survey of the child's face; "I shouldn't wonder; and I'll pack her off to the poor-house to-morrow; who's your mother, child?" she interrogated, silencing for a moment the clamor of the children, who had grown noisy, and were fighting over the dog.

"I don't know," whispered Chip.

"Don't know who her mother is; think of that!"

"Well, who brought you up, child? who took care of you; why she must be ten at the very least, and such an ignoramus! tell me if you want any supper, child; who took care of you?"

"She did," replied the frightened girl.

"Well, who is she? did you ever see such a stupid?"

The child said nothing.

"Well, what's *your* name, then?" interrogated the persevering Mrs. Snackskin.

"Chip," feebly responded the child.

"Well, there! I give it up; Chip! who ever heard of such a name for a Christian child? what shall we do with her! I'm sure I don't know."

"Give her some supper," said Hiram, watching the smoke as it curled above his head.

Meanwhile, Bob, the oldest boy, had come in, and been told the story of the strange child; so he marched up to the fire with his hands in his pockets, and began to whistle and to stare in concert. Chip sat close up to the friendly teamster, who had laid one hand on her head, and as she met the strange look of the great, overgrown boy, she shrank closer still to the teamster, trembling incessantly.

"Sho! they shan't hurt you, sissy; go away, Bob, don't whistle at her, she ain't a dog."

Bob walked leisurely over to the other children, some of whom were still wrangling about the dog, the others forming plans to annoy the little stranger because she was so "skeery."

"I say," said Bob, in a low whisper, "she's been brought up in backer woods than we has; we'll have jolly times telling her things. See, she darsen't look at the cat; oh! crickey! what a big fool!"

Supper smoked on the table, and Chip, who by degrees began to be reconciled to the strange sights about her, allowed herself to be led to the well-filled board, and seated beside Bob, from whom, however, she instinctively shrank.

"I wonder if the child knows how to eat?" said Mrs. Snackskin, helping everybody; "what did you eat to home, little gal?"

"Johnny-cake," said Chip, at which they all laughed till she cowered down in her seat, frightened again.

"Don't you mind 'em, sissy," said the farmer, spreading a generous slice of bread with apple-sauce, and laying it on her plate; "they ain't got no manners here; was brought up with the pigs."

Chip ate in silence, casting timid glances around; the other children disposed of their food voraciously, and for hunger's sake, knowing little of and caring less for the rules of the table, and after supper, with a vigorous application of tongue and knuckles, they were driven off to bed. By the flaring light of a dim candle, Chip saw a long, gloomy chamber, with heavy rafters overhead, and here and there a bed clumsily made, peeping out of the darkness. Around the walls garments hung; baskets and half-barrels stood on the uneven floor, heaps of corn lay in confusion, and a curtain, torn in strips by the mischievous hands of children, hung from the large window through whose broken panes the wind blew. Six of the children slept in this chamber, all girls, and Chip was to be crowded in with Kitty and Drony, the two youngest.

"Are you 'fraid of anything in the dark?" asked Kitty, "'cause we shan't have the candle only a little while."

"Y-e-s," said Chip, timidly.

"Well, you mustn't be, 'cause you've got to sleep on the outside to-night, Drony next to the wall, and me in the middle. Did you ever hear of a bugaboo, or things? scary things?"

"Yes—plenty," said poor Chip, feeling the same horror creep over her that Mother Kurstegan's vivid imagination had fostered; "mayn't *I* sleep in the middle?"

"Law, no, I always sleep in the middle," replied Kitty, gravely, "even when there ain't only me and Drony; I guess you needn't be afraid; I guess there ain't no ghosts or scary things. Ain't you going to kneel down and pray?"

"And what?" asked Chip, blankly.

"La! what pretty hair you've got, don't you never curl it? It looks as if you didn't comb it very often—say, what made you 'fraid of that dog?"

"That what?" asked Chip.

"Why, our dog; he's real good, though he's hunly as sin; didn't you never see a dog before?"

"I guess not," replied Chip; "shall I go to bed?"

"Why, you heathen you, ain't you going to kneel down and say your prayers? I guess you'll ketch it if you don't; mother won't let you go to bed to-night."

Drony, who, as the eldest, had been superintending the undressing of the other four children, now came forward, and Kitty appealed to her if the little heathen should go to bed without saying her prayers.

Chip, not knowing what it all meant, burst into tears, sobbing that she would be good if they'd only show her how, and that she didn't say anything, ever, before going to bed. The two children looked at each other, and then Kitty exclaimed, falling noisily on her knees on the bed, very much as a big stone would plash into shallow water, "why here, you little goose, look at me;" and still having her head cocked oddly on one side, and her unwinking eyes fastened on Chip's face, she exclaimed:

> "The four Apostles and their master
> Teach us how to hurry faster,
> Give us meat without any warning,
> And may we all git up in the morning."

"Oh! you wicked thing!" cried Drony, laughing as she spoke, "if I don't tell your mother; it ain't a prayer, no such a thing; it's something Bob made up and learnt her; don't you believe her. Kitty, say your prayers right, this very minit—there, Oh, Lorry! mother is coming for the candle."

"I'm undressed," cried Kitty, springing into bed, and Drony, knowing her mother's rule, jumped in after her with her clothes all on, while Chip, irresolute, stood pale and fearful. Only a stout arm was thrust in, however, the candle was removed, and all was darkness.

"She ain't here," giggled Kitty. "Little girl, why don't you come to bed? they'll ketch you. There, now put your nose under the blankets while we say our prayers *truly* this time, and then Drony'll tell you the story about Jerry Bloodybones, who killed children and eat 'em."

"No! don't, don't," cried Chip, in a stifled voice.

"Why, he's dead now," said Kitty, delighted at the idea of tormenting somebody, "but he left lots of children, and, like pa says about us, they're all like their daddy, only more so. They don't think no more about children than chickens, and jest wrings their heads off clear down to their heels."

"Oh! don't, don't!" cried Chip again.

"Lawk! Drony, you don't know how the fool trembles. Come, I'll say my prayers and you say yours. Chip, look out here and see how dark it is."

"I don't want to," trembled Chip.

"Well, then, go without," replied the mischievous imp, at the same time jerking the clothes from the face of the child. As she did so a singular noise issued from the foot of the bed, and poor Chip felt her feet drawn down with a strong grasp. Instantly she set up a shriek so wild that the two girl-culprits trembled in their beds, and Bob, who had connived with them at this wicked deed, fled in haste to his own room. It must have been that the farmer and his wife were so busily employed that they did not hear the noise, or, hearing it, attributed it to some other cause, for perfect silence reigned after this freak, and Kitty, trembling at Chip's stillness, told her regretfully that she needn't mind it so much, it was only that Bob trying to frighten her.

In the morning the poor little homeless and friendless waif was delirious with fever.

"It's plain to see here's a hard case on my hands, Hiram Snackskins," ejaculated his worthy dame, turning to her abstracted spouse, as, thoughtfully gazing in the fire, he replenished his pipe. "I haven't got nothing to do today, nothing at all; I'm a lady to dress in silks and satins and suck my fingers; yes, I haven't got two floors to scour and the week's ironing to do, besides churning and cooking, and it's because I haven't got *one single* thing to do that this child is on my hands. O, dear, dear! Hiram Snackskins, you were born, I do believe, to be the particular plague of my life."

"She'll do something to earn her salt, I warrant, wife," returned the prosy Snackskins.

"Earn her salt! do you know she's up stairs raving with a fever? How do we know but it's an affectionate one, and all the children'll git it? Kitty says she hugged her close last night. I'm sure I don't know what I'm going to do."

All this time the fat little woman had been pouring hot water into the great coffee pot, and then settling it with strips of dried fish skin; now she placed it on the table, put her arms akimbo, and looked her husband sternly in the face, as much as to say, now tell me what I'm a going to do. In vain his efforts to evade her glance; he watched the smoke, and eyed the fire; he turned uneasily from side to side, but she was determined he should solve the difficulty.

"La! mother," at length he said, "give her a reg'lar strong cup of coffee and a good plate of vittles; I guess that'll cure her; I guess 'taint nothin' else ails her but hunger and fastin' and cold and crying and fright and misery, and such things; don't worry, she'll come round about right, I reckon."

"I've a plaguey good mind you should stay home and take care of her, that I have; what on earth made you bring the child for, I can't see, except 'tis I ain't got nothing to do—I'm a reg'lar lady, never have any work."

"You wouldn't like to have our Kitty left out in the woods all night, come," said Hiram, rousing a little, and hitching his chair nearer the table.

"Our Kitty's an honest child," said Mrs. Snackskin, shortly.

"So is that one, may be," responded Hiram, pouring out a bowlful of coffee and heaping a plate with bread and butter.

"What in the world are you doing, Hiram Snackskins!"

"Going to take care of that child," said the man, stoutly; "if you won't, why, I will."

"You'll kill her, with that stuff," responded the wife.

"Let me alone for that," and Hiram Snackskin wended his way up stairs.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of the POST is $2 a year in advance—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

The POST is believed to have a larger country circulation than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

The POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of the POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer. Owing, however, to the great and increasing demand for the Paper, those wishing back numbers had better apply as early as possible, our rule being "First come, first served."

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest, are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among its contributors are the following gifted writers:

WILLIAM HOWITT, (of England,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS M. A. DENISON, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

We are now engaged in publishing the two following novelets, BOTH OF WHICH WILL BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

CHIP, THE CAVE CHILD;
A STORY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

An Original Novelet, written for the Post by Mrs. MARY A. DENISON, Author of "Mark, the Sexton," "Home Pictures," &c.

THE WAR TRAIL;
A Romance of the War with Mexico,
BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.

At the close of "Chip," we design commencing one of the following—ALL OF WHICH WILL ALSO BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY AS THEY ARE PUBLISHED, WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.
A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Last of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

In addition to the above list of contributions we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined:—"Song by S.;" "Nineteen Hundred Seven;" "Night before Last;" "Lost Beauty."

A SUBSCRIBER. Wyoming. The representative of your district can inform you about West Point matters more fully than we can.

MARIT. Cincinnati. Respectfully declined. It is creditable to you, but has some faults o construction.

MAGGIE MAY. Respectfully declined.

THE COMET.

The comet which is advertised to knock us all into flinders (shade of Addison? forgive!) sometime this month, is coming. We see him on his winding way. Already, as a witty friend pungently observed to us the other day, he may be descried by the aid of a good telescope and a powerful imagination, on the far verge of our human horizon! Our brethren of the press have consequently sharpened their steel pens, and are commenting upon this wild-haired flaming wanderer of the skies, in all kinds of styles, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." Some discuss the quality of his train, some speculate upon the degree of density of his nucleus, some are superbly scientific on the subject, and some supernaturally stupid. Some think it very likely that we shall be "run into" and hurt by this Bedouin vagabond of a meteor; some think it very unlikely, seeing that one of the tribe is reputed to have rushed through the satellites of planetary Jupiter "once upon a time" without doing any damage; some think it is incredible that we should be even in the slightest degree affected by any comet that ever swalled through space, seeing that they are all inessential phenomena, with bodies of such filmy tenuity that the stars can be seen through them—and some think it is not at all incredible. We as yet, have given no opinion, having confined ourselves to a little gentle joking and poking on the general subject. And yet, like Jack Bunsby, we have "an opinion as is an opinion," though for many good reasons—among which we may name the possibility of our opinion turning out to be good-for nothing, which would be a terrible calamity and deep disgrace, seeing that the public confides in us, and thinks us infallible, as all editors are—for good reasons, we say, we are tempted to keep our opinion in the bag. Yet, imitating the manner of that same estimable Captain Jack Bunsby, we might safely permit ourselves to say that if so be that that comet runs into our earth, and smashes it, this month, why he will, and if so be he dont, why he wont; which prediction would, no doubt, prove perfectly satisfactory to our numerous and anxious readers!

Many years have gone by since those timorous times when people believed that comets were portents of evil, which from "their horrid hair shook pestilence and war." Sooth to say, this comet is quite an insignificant affair compared to some of his brethren who have in past times appeared in our skies, and affrighted the race. Think of the one that is recorded to have appeared 130 years before Christ, the disk of which was as big and bright as the sun! Or of the one ten years before, which covered a fourth part of the sky, and surpassed the sun in radiance.

The number of comets is very great, and their revolutions appear to be governed by fixed laws. The substances of which they are composed is not, we believe, known. With regard to their influences on our planet, there are contrary opinions. Most of our modern scientificians scout at the idea of their having any influence at all, but as the theory that they have not is simply a matter of conjecture, and as our modern scientific men are, for the most part, absurdly skeptical and dogmatic in their notions, it is not perhaps worth while to implicitly confide in their mere dictum. An English writer, quoted in Prof. Olmstead's letters, asserts the contrary, and enumerates the various effects produced by comets, among which he mentions great falls of snow, heavy rains, droughts, and contagious diseases among animals. Fancy, to say the least, lends a favorable ear to this writer, in view of the drought of last summer, the prodigious snow of the winter, the heavy rains we are having this season, and the frightful murrain which is now raging among the cattle in the north of Europe, and causing the greatest alarm everywhere. It is a question whether the *physical* influence of the celestial bodies, and of the various conditions of the air through which our planet revolves—on our animal and vegetable life, are not underrated or overlooked. Our contemptuous modern notions of natural astrology may, possibly, arise from a misconception on our part of what was a sublime, though scrupulously veiled, truth—understood well enough by those persons who are known as astrologers, and sedulously concealed by them for various reasons, which may be apprehended when the state of the public mind in past eras, and the peculiar suspicion with which men of science were regarded by government in certain ages, are remembered.

However these things may be, it is certain that very eminent men of science did not regard these comets so lightly as some of our eminent modern scientificians do. It is, for instance, currently maintained that comets cannot come in collision with the planets. But it is also known that comets make regular revolutions through space, and at every revolution approach nearer the sun, into which they at last fall. Sir Isaac Newton, who is certainly good authority, said with regard to the comet last observed in 1680, that it will fall into the sun probably after some five or six more revolutions, and "whenever that time shall arrive," he adds, "*the heat of the sun will be raised to such a point, that our globe will be burned, and all the animals upon it will perish.*" Here is the final conflagration predicted in the Scriptures, also predicted by one of the most eminent scientificians the world has ever known. But setting this aside, it is easy to see how the earth might be destroyed by a comet coming in contact with its atmosphere long before it reached the great goal of its race—the sun. Some scientific men dogmatize, and say this is impossible. Let us see. Here is a comet rushing around through space, and at every revolution narrowing in and in to the sun. Suppose the earth with its atmosphere, should happen to be in the comet's path during one of these revolutions. The skeptics answer, that such an event as a comet coming in contact with a heavenly body has never been known to occur. But that is no reason why it may not have occurred—no reason why it may not occur. Well, grant the possibility, say the skeptics, and how could the comet harm us, seeing that it is composed of matter of such tenuity that the stars can be seen through it? Yes—but what is the matter of which it is composed? It is not known, is the reply. But there's the rub. Suppose it is composed of any quality of matter, or any fluid, that may affect our atmosphere! Here is our air—a compound principally of oxygen and nitrogen gases, in the proportion of about twenty parts oxygen and eighty parts nitrogen. The oxygen is the principle of combustion. It is, in this proportion, the sustainer of life, and the process of our existence is a slow burning up of us, of which the inhalation of oxygen is the cause. Augment the quantity of oxygen in the air, and the fire of life in our veins burns faster and fiercer. Augment it to a certain degree—till it exceeds the quantity of its modifier—the nitrogen—and we are consumed. If the comet should be composed of any matter, or fluid, capable of extracting the nitrogen—what would be the consequence? An immediate combustion—the total destruction of all life in an instant. We should shrivel like worms in a furnace.

The old astronomers and scientific men are commonly considered credulous. But when we consider how positive many of our modern scientificians are on subjects concerning which very little is known—how little reverence they have—how destitute of imagination they are—how they tie themselves down to the mere technology of science, and how they foster a narrow and debasing skepticism—one rather prefers the men of a former age, who, with all their credulity, had, at least, souls above the spy-glass and the crucible. Arago, who can never be mentioned without veneration, not only for the large light he has shed on science, but for his noble devotion to liberty—Arago allows the possibility of a cometary collision with our planet, though he sets the chances at one against us to two hundred and eighty millions in our favor. Laplace, another eminent man, describes the effects that would follow such a collision, among which he mentions a universal deluge; and the veteran Halley, who discovered the comet that now bears his name, finding by calculation that that comet must have been near the earth at the date of the ancient deluge, unhesitatingly ascribes that event to its influence. Some of our modern men scoff at these ideas, and call them ridiculous. But to us, remembering that all opinions on this topic are mainly conjectural, they are as respectable as the others—perhaps, more so.

At anyrate there is no reason to apprehend our destruction from the present comet. Doubtless, he will perform his chemical mission on our atmosphere, and depart. Doubtless, also, at some other time, some one of his brethren will fulfil his prophecy by igniting our globe, and devouring it in a flash of flame. For such an event, which when it comes, will probably come unexpectedly, let us hope that we are all in a state of preparation.

A WORD ABOUT ROME.

To any man who has not read history upside down, and stood upon his head to think over his reading, nothing can be more amusing than the geysers of rhodomontade that spout periodically in the various newspapers about the greatness and glory of Rome. That the worst of all the nations should get the best of all the adjectives, is marvellous to believe. But such is the fact; and it is not only the eulogy, or the lavishness of the eulogy, that is noticeable in these effusions, but the reverential fervor that colors their pompous and grandiloquent burst and flow. One would hardly need an active fancy to imagine their authors writing them on their knees. Never was a profane subject treated with a more prodigious piety. The articles have, so to speak, tears of religious rapture in their eyes. All the other nations get the go by; Israel, Greece, India, Egypt, Assyria, all; and we hear nothing but "Rome, Rome, Rome—eternal Rome!" The general and prevailing tone of this singular phase of literature favors the theory that the authors believe their idea of the surpassing worth and glory of Rome to be in danger of being destroyed, and that if it should be destroyed, this solid globe would split in two, and everything be lost forever. It also favors the theory that the authors aforesaid are not in the habit of reading anything but their own articles. Because all the late and great examination and criticism of Roman history show up that hawk-nosed nation in anything but an admirable light, and every reading man knows it.

If all this eulogistic and unintelligent twaddle about the Roman civilization, was written, printed and believed fifty years ago when the only sources of information were Goldsmith, and other writers of that calibre, there would be nothing remarkable about it. But in an age like this, when a long line of illustrious scholars and critics, such as Niebuhr, Michelet, Dr. Arnold, and Sir George Cornewall Lewis, have clearly and fully unfolded the true character of the Roman State, one may well wonder that the old state fictions are still popularly accepted and argued from with as much gravity as though they had not been annihilated long ago. It is suggestive of the current story of the men who still vote at every Presidential election for General Jackson, thinking him still in the body corporal!

With regard to the Romans the truth which every intelligent reading man derives from the trust-worthy histories, is just this: That, take them for all in all, in the mass, they were among the meanest, cruellest, vilest, most perfidious, gross, and brutal wretches that ever stained the face of the earth. From the moment when, (if this be not as some writers think, a fable) the wolf-suckled Romulus brutally butchered his brother at the founding of the civilization, thus inaugurating the planting of the state with a murder, to the hour when the hoarse blood-roar of the legions of Titus rose over the hideous sack and slaughter of Jerusalem, and from thence to that blessed day when the souls of trampled nations lived again in the storm of Huns that swept away the tottering fabric of the Empire—from first to last, Roman history is one dreadful clot of cruelty, ignorance, lust, robbery and murder. The wild milk that the infant Romulus drew from the teats of the wolf, was in the veins of the nation from the beginning to the end. The government began in a brutal oligarchy and ended in the most rampant, violent and profligate despotism. The society was always, in the main, corrupt and gross. Filthy licentiousness was the vice of all classes. The majority of the citizens were miserably poor and low. The popular amusement—always a good indication of the character of a nation—was the amphitheatre where the unhappy gladiators—the best men of conquered nations—were forced to fight for the pleasure of the degraded populace—in the stern phrase of Byron, "butchered to make a Roman holiday." The only noble qualities which were primarily Roman—that is, which belonged to the rapacious mob of brutes and blackguards who came among the Greek and Italian residents, from some unknown quarter—possibly Scandinavia—to found the Roman state—were dauntless courage and a capacity for organization. Both were employed to further the basest ends. Afterwards the national character acquired an element of probity from the Sabines, an element of dignity from the Etrurians, an element of genius from the Latins, all of whom they had subdued by the strong hand, or overawed, and assimilated into their government. But the brute element was always uppermost, and when the state had been sufficiently permeated with these fine qualities to produce noble or faithful men, what did the state do with them? Insulted, plundered, proscribed, exiled, and murdered them! Witness Spurius Cassius, Coriolanus, the Gracchi, Marius, Regulus, Belisarius, and a multitude of others. Always at war—always engaged in the work of conquest and subjugation—trampling out the life of some noble but weaker nation than their own—dragging behind their gilded chariots a long train of unhappy captives—never showing magnanimity enough to respect the humiliation of the conquered, but adding the insult of exhibition to the distress of defeat—and commonly ending the infernal pageant by executing at the foot of the Capitolian mount, the vanquished hero of the land they had swept with fire and sword—such were the Romans. Their one remarkable original feature, was their wonderfully compact and tremendous military organization—great cause for the admiration of a Christian people, indeed! Their Stoicism—that boasted Roman virtue—was not a growth of their own life, but was grafted upon the stock by the influence of the Grecian philosophy. Everything else, arts, laws, literature, Coliseum and capitol, was the result of the admixture into their national life of the ideas of the nations they conquered and with whom they assimilated, and all—arts, laws, literature, Coliseum, and capitol—were prostituted and perverted to the basest purposes, and besmirched with blood and lust and guile. Violence, cruelty and licentiousness, prevailed from the beginning of the state when its founder slew his brother, and his associates ravished the Sabine women, to those decadent days when with that menacing meteor of Huns already blackening on the horizon, the dreadful Emperors, whose effigies on the coins make us shudder as we look at them to-day, came with their pampered courtezans to the arena to witness the alternate slaughter of the wretched gladiators and the agonies of the Christian martyrs.

If any honest uninformed man thinks this statement exaggerated, we commend him to a perusal of the histories and criticisms of the authors we have previously named. If he is curious to know the state of Roman society when its vices had reached their maturity of corruption, let him read the pages of Sallust, or peruse what travellers have written of what they saw on the walls of Pompeii. He will arise from his reading satisfied that the worst wish he could wish his country is that she may be like Rome. The foolish talk of foolish newspapers—the bombast fit only for the lips of Shakspeare's Pistol—which is ventilated in eulogy of Roman greatness, is the thinnest and falsest fustian that ever exhaled from any mind this side of Bedlam. We do not, of course, mean to say that there were not good and true men and women in all ages of Roman history—but we mean to say that they do not, by any means, represent the character of the people or the condition of the state, at any period. That that character was both vile and vulgar, and that condition both corrupt and turbulent at every epoch, history shows beyond a question. If America is to imitate any nation, God forbid that it should be Rome! A Christian people should take for its model Christ, not Cain; and the sole use of that long chronicle of crime and conquest which we call Roman history, is as an example to deter. That history comprises within itself every principle of action a wise and just people should avoid, and can therefore always be consulted with safety by Americans who wish to learn what course they should not pursue.

VALUABLE PUBLICATIONS.—We invite the attention of our readers to the list of works advertised by *Messrs. Childs & Peterson*, in another column of our paper. Among them will be seen the first narrative of Dr. Kane, which is an account of the Grinnell Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, and which ought to be read in conjunction with the later work—that splendid drama of hardship and heroism which has obtained already an audience of millions both in this country and in Europe, and to which the biography of Kane, forthcoming from the brilliant pen of his intimate friend, Dr. Elder, will prove the fitting epilogue. Messrs. Childs & Peterson also announce the Explorations of Col. Fremont, a work probably not less interesting than the records of the Kane expeditions; and also a volume of travels in Brazil, of which we shall speak again hereafter.

New Publications.

THE HEIRESS OF GREENHURST. By MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS. Edward Stephens, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

A colored and glowing romance of gipsy life and character, full of incident and interest. Strong dramatic scenes of action and passion flash and gleam in its tissue. It has the pictorial quality—the mind sees the scenery, events, and personages of the story as the eye scans the pages. The opening scenes are laid in Spain, around the romantic Alhambra, and are very picturesque and attractive, as indeed are those that follow. Of course, we do not think the book a book of real life and nature. It is melodrama, but the melodrama is good, and has a strong charm for the fancy.

SCHOOL DAYS AT RUGBY. By an Old Boy. Ticknor & Fields: Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

The schoolmaster at Rugby, England, was Dr. Arnold, the humane and eloquent historian, and one of the noblest and grandest of men. This book may be somewhat regarded as a tribute to him, but it is more strictly a drama of school life. How stirring, graphic, amusing, and touching a drama it is, only the book itself can say. It is one of the works that are read with fresh and new delight, and without criticism. Who the author is, we do not know, but the style strongly reminds us of Charles Kingsley.

ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM. A Tale of Spiritualism. By the author of "My Confession; The Story of a Woman's Life," &c. Miller & Co., New York. For sale by W. P. Hazard, Philadelphia.

Zillah, as our readers know, was originally published in the Post. It now appears in handsome book-form—large type and good paper. Our opinion of the tale may be inferred from the fact that we adopted it in our columns. It is a strong and fine story, with a streak of genius in it, and is vigorous alike in conception and execution.

THE CITY AND SCENERY OF NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND. Illustrations drawn on stone by JOHN COLLINS. For sale by C. J. Price, Philada.

Fourteen illustrations of the principal and best points of Newport scenery, sea and shore, drawn with great delicacy and accuracy. They are large, finely tinted lithographs, and are just the thing for people who wish to revive their souvenirs of a summer's sojourn at that watering place. An appropriate letter-press accompanies the engravings.

DOMBEY AND SON. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published and for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philada.

One of Dickens' best novels, with the original illustrations by Browne. It is uniform with Mr. Peterson's cheap edition of the works of the great fictionist, of which we have before spoken.

THE ENGLISHMAN IN KANSAS; OR, SQUATTER LIFE AND BORDER WARFARE. By T. H. GLADSTONE, Esq. With an Introduction by FRED. LAW OLMSTEAD. Miller & Co., New York. For sale by W. P. Hazard, Philada.

LIFE AND BEAUTIES OF FANNY FERN. T. B. Peterson, Philada.

ETHIOPIA: HER GLOOM AND HER GLORY. By David Christy. Rickey, Mallory & Webb, Cincinnati. For sale by H. Cowperthwait & Co., Philadelphia.

☞ TAKING AN AUCTIONEER AT HIS WORD.—"Ladies and gentlemen, I'm not selling these goods, I'm giving them away." "Then," said Finn, coolly, "I'll thank you to hand me that silver teapot you have in your hand." A roar of laughter, in which the auctioneer joined, greeted the remark of the professional wag.

☞ Speaking without thinking, is shooting without taking aim.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

PARIS, May 28, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Among the many notable people, literary and artistic, now here on their way toward the various points of the compass, is a lady-artist, Miss Barbara Leigh Smith, of London, already favorably known by her water-color drawings, which have appeared with honor at several of the London Exhibitions, and destined, according to the judgment of some of the most distinguished critics, to take a very high position in the beautiful branch of Pictorial Art to which she has devoted herself. Young, in possession of ample pecuniary means, with an excellent constitution, and a most persistent will, this lady brings to the work she has chosen, the enthusiasm of a true artist, backed by all the adventitious aids of temperament, circumstances, and Fortune. After long and careful drawing under eminent masters, she has done what, unfortunately, few women have the means, and still fewer the will, to do. She has devoted her summers, for many years, to long wanderings—often on foot—at all hours, and in all weathers, through the wildest solitudes, studying Nature in her most secret haunts, and under all her aspects, with the most minute, painstaking, and reverent care; carrying into her art the same contempt of shams and pretensions, and the same horror of conventional falsehood, the same loving earnestness in pursuit of Truth, for which she has already distinguished herself, by her pen, among the reformers of the day. In this way she has learned by heart the beautiful scenery of her native land, the romantic wilds of the Scotch Highlands, the quiet loveliness of the Lake regions, the bold hills and picturesque valleys of Wales and Ireland, the quaint architecture of the old Belgian towns, and the glorious landscapes of Switzerland and Italy. The past winter she has spent in Algeria, accompanied as usual by various members of her family, several of whom are artists also, pushing her sketching-excursions into the savage gorges of the Atlas Mountains, where—perched on a camel, or making the best of her way on foot, in short gown, ample cloak, and round straw hat, a pair of pistols at her waist, that she knows very well how to use, attended by a faithful servant, and an Arab escort—she has ventured into solitudes where no woman's foot, and often no man's foot either, had ever been; filling her portfolio with views of magnificent mountain-passes, impenetrable cactus-jungles, and drawings of botanical specimens, a large collection of which she has dried, and is taking home with her for future study. From this brave following of Nature she has gained at once a minute exactitude and truthfulness of detail, a largeness of conception and breadth of style that must eventually ensure her a very high place among landscape painters. Her coloring is clear, vivid, natural; and nothing spotty or blotchy is suffered to impair the sharpness and precision of touch for which her productions are so remarkable. Miss Smith is about to cross the ocean, for the purpose of making acquaintance with the most striking scenery of the two American Continents.

It is thought that the Fine Arts Exhibition, which should have opened a week ago, will not be ready before the middle of next month. As usual, the severities of the Jury are the theme of angry comment among artists and their friends. Of five hundred pictures sent in, the Jury have admitted—twenty-five!

A little private display, of such pictures as are already in the building, was got up for the Grand Duke, a few days before he left. Constantine professed to be highly gratified with what he saw; and ordered a copy of the portrait of Marshal Pelissier. The Emperor, thereupon, ordered a portrait to be taken for himself, of General Totleben; an interchange of civilities over the *souvenirs* of Sebastopol, which seems to strike the Parisians as particularly "touching and *charmant*."

HIGH PRICE OF STRAWBERRIES.

For a week past our brilliant sunshine has been succeeded by heavy rains; not unlikely to bring down the price of "green-stuff," and to benefit strawberry-fields and raspberry patches. Strawberries are now selling at a sou apiece; for three months past small pots, like infinitesimal flower-pots, of brick-clay, and holding eight strawberries each, have been selling here at from many francs to as many sous per strawberry as the season advanced. One gardener, at Clamart, supplies these early and costly luxuries from his hot-beds, about five miles from Paris; and a curious sight it is, before the strawberry-plants in the fields have begun even to think of putting out a blossom, to see the large packing table of this establishment—about ten feet long, by four wide, covered, daily, with a layer of the ripe fruit six inches deep, awaiting the packers. Two thousand of the little red pots just mentioned, are filled each day from these hot-beds, and are sent to Paris, where the nabobs of the day pay enormous prices for them. It appears, however, that this sort of forcing does not pay very well; the expense of raising the fruit thus out of season is very heavy; and there are nine months in each year when the frames, and all the forcing apparatus, are idle.

A supper of Mlle. Rachel's is still spoken of in the gastronomic world, on which occasion the guests were treated to strawberries procured at the moderate price of five dollars per strawberry!

It is curious to remark how, in certain spheres, the *cost* of any object seems to enhance its value. The gay widow of a millionaire grocer, recently deceased, has just ordered, for the grand hotel she is building in the Aoenne Marboeuf, a staircase of Sicilian onyx, the fabulous price the silly creature will pay for which, being of course the sole criterion by which she will estimate its acquisition; while another feminine "mountain of money" and of vanity, has just caused a border of pearls to be prepared for the glass of her dressing-table, at a cost of one hundred and sixty thousand dollars!

NATURE'S NOBLEMEN.

So much for the vulgar ambition and insatiate vanity of the *parvenus*, who would fain hide the lowness of their origin under the loftiness of their pretensions! A more agreeable subject of contemplation is that of the great number of highly distinguished men, who occupy the most brilliant positions in the worlds of science, art, and industry, to which they have risen by their own talent and effort from the most obscure walks of life. One of the leading pianists here, a man of European reputation, was a foundling, in a small provincial town. One day, as the cart of the *mairie* was on its way to the Foundling Hospital, with a load of poor little creatures abandoned during the night, an honest lemonade-dealer, who was standing at the door of his shop, was struck by the pretty, intelligent face of one of the babies, and determined to adopt it. This he did, bringing the child up as his son, aided by his good wife. A well known physician, a phrenologist, from Paris, passed through the little town a few years afterwards, and in his turn was much struck by the cranial "developments" of the lemonade-dealer's adopted son. "Send the boy to Paris," said the doctor; "I promise to watch over him and to put him into the way of making a fine position for himself by and by. He must be a musician; nature has done her part; we must aid her. Take my advice; I will give him a professor, and you will see him a famous musician one of these days." The benevolent doctor's proposition was accepted; the boy accompanied him to Paris, was placed under the best musical training, and is now one of the most eminent professors of the capital.

A similar incident led to the opening of the medical career of the great surgeon, Dupuytren. This eminent man was the son of a poor villager. A company of soldiers happened to be quartered in this village, and the sergeant-major, being a phrenologist, was so struck with the extraordinary talent he believed indicated by the shape of the little peasant's head, that he adopted him, took him with him to Paris, where he sent him to the medical schools, and where his young *protege* earned so brilliant a reputation. A statue has recently been erected to his memory in his native village, exactly where formerly stood the thatched hovel in which he first saw daylight. Velpeau, Boetonneau, Jobert, Negrier, Demarquay, Hanbert, Michel Levy, who won himself so brilliant a renown in the Crimean campaigns, Clot-Bey, the French doctor who is at the head of the medical college at Cairo, (described in a former letter,) and a number of others, who are among the brightest ornaments of the French medical school, are all of peasant birth. So also is Dr. Hobert, a very promising young physician, who is establishing at Clamart a home for invalids, desirous to combine the benefits of enlightened medical advice with bathing, exercise, baths, and a particularly bracing air, and the comforts of a well ordered country boarding house. Among artists, illustrious examples of names made noble by humbly born wearers are still more common; and the Rothschilds are by no means the only great commercial family that would be puzzled to prove the name and occupations of its grand-father.

POPULAR SUPERSTITION.

This allusion to the Jewish financiers reminds me of the recent tribulation of the young Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild, who, since the termination of the magnificent festivities attendant on her recent marriage near London, has come to this city with her husband; the young household being established in the superb hotel Pescatore, in the Place St. Georges. The heads of the family had thought that, in this princely residence (the abode of the late M. Pescatore, who rose from nothing, and died worth eighteen millions a short time ago), surrounded by every luxury that money could purchase, the felicity of the young couple must needs be complete.

But alas! the bride had no sooner made acquaintance with her new home, than her happiness was dimmed by perceiving that her house bore over its gateway, the fatal number 13!—*Place St. Georges, No.* 13! She could not resign herself to such a dreadful circumstance; but what was to be done? A family council was called upon the subject; negotiations were entered into with the Municipal authorities, and the Civic Fathers at length consented to suppress the obnoxious numeral, and to allow the house to be numbered "No. 11 *bis*," on condition of its young mistress paying the sum of four hundred dollars for the poor of the city; an arrangement which was accepted upon the spot. The ominous number *thirteen* is thus banished forever from the gilded precincts of the Place St. Georges, which will henceforth rejoice in the possession of *two number elevens!*

Nor is this old popular prejudice against the number in question, the only superannuated superstition lingering in this skeptical city.—Friday is equally the object of suspicion and distrust. The account-books of the Omnibus Company show an average reduction of twenty-five per cent. in the amount of fares taken on Fridays; and when the recurrence of Friday coincides with that of the thirteenth of the month (as has twice occurred this year), a diminution of *one-half* takes place in the number of omnibus-passengers.

The rain has driven the Court home from Fontainbleau, and the Tuileries are now rejoicing in the presence of the Bavarian sovereign.

SUMMER AND WINTER.

The verdure in the gardens has come out wonderfully during the alternate sun and showers of the last three weeks; the great green tubs containing the orange trees, that form so characteristic a feature of the Parisian summer, have been wheeled out of the conservatories, and replaced in their summer position at the Tuileries and the Luxembourg. Some of these trees are thirty feet high, the foliage being so trimmed as to form a great round ball, slightly flattened on top, and clipped off square below, in the heart of which a tall man can hide himself with ease. Looking up from below, these trees are found to consist of a vast mass of branches, trained outwards and upwards, with leaves only at their extremities, where they grow so thick that they present a compact, even surface of foliage, blossom and fruit. Some of these trees are very old. At the Tuileries is a tree which dates from the era of the Constable Bourbon; at the Luxembourg are some which were planted by Gaston, brother of Louis XII. Among those of Versailles, is one that dates from the reign of Henri IV. Nor are the orange trees the only living relics still preserved here of by-gone centuries; several of the carp, in the ponds of Fontainebleau, as shown by the inscriptions on the silver rings round their necks, dating from even a remoter period.

Paris, in summer, is a totally different place from Paris in winter, both in aspect and in population; for not only does sunshine, with its *cortege* of flowers, foliage, and out-of-door life and amusement take the place of the mud and rain, that make this gay city so disagreeable a field for locomotion during four months of the year, but the "upper classes," that flock hither for the social gaieties of winter, fly back to their chateaux in the country on the first approach of summer. The "middle classes" follow this example; and not having chateaux to which to betake themselves, hire little houses with a yard or two of garden in the pretty villages out of Paris, and rusticate with great satisfaction in this humbler way until October. The foreign visitors, on whom Paris counts for so much of its prosperity, change in like manner. In winter, these consist principally of the aristocracy of other European nations, especially of England, whose grandees take advantage of the closing of Parliament and of the London "season," to come here for a few months' dissipation, the Paris "season" being at its height when the former is at its lowest. In summer, the English "upper classes" are absorbed by the life of London; but the class just beneath them, rich, intelligent, and as much given to travelling as they, come over here in shoals; family-parties of a dozen members, all the young men with the roughish trowsers and stand up shirt-collars, so much in vogue across the channel; all the girls dressed alike, with the brown straw hats that have so happily banished the odious blue gauze veils, and blue silk "sun-shades" of the few last years.

A LARGE HOTEL, &c.

But if these people are not quite as wealthy as their winter-predecessors, they are quite as good customers to the hotels, the number of which is constantly increasing. The great hotel du Louvre, built expressly for the "taking-in" (in *all* senses) of the visitors to the Great Exhibition of 1855, has maintained itself to the present time, and is become one of the favorite halting places here. This vast establishment consumes more gas annually than the town of Orleans; it consumes $100 worth of meat, $40 worth of poultry, and $30 worth of bread daily; its annual washing amounts to $30,000 per annum. It has 700 sitting-rooms, 800 beds, and averages 300 diners at its *table d'hote*, supplied from the famous gastronomic kitchen of the *Trois Freres*. It has a coffee-room, reading-room, general parlor, and baths; and gives a concert every Monday, and a ball every Friday. Its attendance is very good; and its charges are moderate for the quality of accommodations.

The learned apes and dogs, alluded to in a late letter, are a "great success;" that bigoted paper "L'Univers," is out with a long tirade against them, or rather against their trainer, Mr. Hodson, and the public, which, it says, persists in applauding "an effort which is essentially impious, as it tends to make brute animals assume manners and perform actions such as nature never intended them to do; thus destroying in the public mind the wholesome and Scriptural belief of the radical difference between the Instinct of animals and the Reason of Man, and leading to the detestable heresy which considers all the animated tribes of the earth as forming one continuous line, characterized only by differences in the *degree*, rather than the *nature*, of their intelligence."

I have not yet had time to see this "impious" performance; as soon as I can do so your readers shall have the benefit of my impressions.

QUANTUM.

☞ BEAUTY DEFINED.—Beauty, dear reader, is *the woman you love*, whatever she may seem to others.

> "We know in day-time there are stars about us
> Just as at night, and name them what and where
> By sight of science; so by faith we know,
> Although we may not see them till our night,
> That spirits are about us."

☞ Since the introduction of the new cent, we don't say, "not a red," but "nary nickel."

☞ Napoleon once said, rather irreverently, of his father-in-law, the Emperor of Austria, "Francis is an old granny." Some friend repeated the remark to Maria Louisa. The Empress sought an explanation from Talleyrand. "Monsieur Talleyrand, what does that mean—an old granny?" The cunning diplomatist, more polite than conscientious, answered with his most serious air, "It means, madame, it means a venerable sage."

☞ It is a question whether being called the "son of a gun," should not rather be taken as a compliment than as a term of abuse, as it is well known that no gun is good for anything unless it descends in a straight line from a good stock.

> THE good are never fatalists. The bad
> Alone act by necessity, they say.

☞ An Irish gentleman, parting with a lazy servant-woman, was asked, with respect to her industry, whether she was what is termed afraid of work. "Oh! not at all; she'll frequently lie down and fall asleep by the very side of it."

☞ Unless you intend suicide, don't jump from the cars when in motion: but if you think you *must*, and won't be persuaded to behave like a sensible man, this is probably the best way to do it; jump sidewise, as high as you can, and when in the air screw your legs up and bend the head forward. You will strike the ground with that part of the body that is or should be cushioned by nature for the purpose, and you will roll away from the train in the manner of a wheel. Hands to avoid scratches had better be in the trowsers pockets. If you survive the operation you will feel better, it is quite likely, than if you had blundered off without regard to the rules of science, and broken your neck or cracked the dome of thought. One experiment will probably satisfy you as to the convenience and comfort of this method of getting off the cars.

☞ A great critic, a man of profound and extended views, once said that, although he had seen many persons dressed for the part of Hamlet, he had never seen any one act it; and his experience included Kemble and the elder Kean.

☞ It is said to have become the fashion of runaway wives in Kentucky to take the husband's bed with them. They have no idea of exposing themselves to be advertised as absconding from bed and board.

☞ When great people are in distress, they are apt to receive very liberal proffers of assistance from little ones. Ah! what shall I do? exclaimed a horse in a quagmire. Take hold of my tail, squeaked a pompous little mouse.

☞ Speaking of the merits of a watch, Abel says he had one once that gained enough in three weeks to pay for itself.

BAKERS' BREAD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

French bread is said to be good bread; American bread has rather an ill fame, but if all American bread be like Philadelphia bread, wo to all the Americans!

The times are changed indeed, since bread was deemed the staff of life. A miserably poor dependence would the bakers' bread of the present day be for frail humanity.

The word "loaf" is a pleasant looking word, and a pleasant sounding word, in its true acceptation; giving the idea of something baked, something brown, with real crust to it, with a wholesome flavor of its own, and palatable. A very different thing is the construction termed a "loaf" by the bakers in Philadelphia.

Think what dreadful things are perpetrated by them, what horrors inflicted on us. The miserable box loaves, with no crust anywhere but a horny one on top, the color of yellow beeswax, and four grayish, skinny sides. Are these things *bread?* The narrow, melancholy looking *twists*, with an outside of the consistency of paper—one wonders why fire don't bake them, instead of making them damp and sticky. Another kind has a pointed roof on the top, and a circular base; its chief peculiarity seems to be the utter impossibility of getting a knife into it edgewise or anywise. Weak rolls prevail too, insults to humanity, sold at a higher rate than the loaves—nobody knows why. One baker, and one of some note, too, in our city, sells these, weighing not quite two ounces, at a cent a-piece, but will not, upon any persuasion, sell one, or an odd number—probably considering them too small to be seen by the naked eye.

But the climax, the horror of horrors, is a "loaf" which has appeared only within the last few years. This is the "double-backed twist." Solomon was of the opinion that there was nothing new under the sun. But Solomon never saw a "double-backed twist!" A thing like a stunted twist mounted on the back of another—such a twist as you might see in the nightmare, running after you with murderous intentions—a pinched, sickly thing, and of a most singular reddish color; something like what is called sorrel in horses. I should like to ascertain who was the inventor of that style of bread; and I intend, when in better circumstances, to offer a reward for that man, (appearances are altogether against its being a woman,) to be brought to me, dead or alive, if he is not hopelessly insane. Certain it is, no sound mind ever originated the "double-backed twist;" about as certain as that no sound body could subsist upon it and remain sound long.

These various productions are offered to purchasers under the pompous names of "French bread!" "English bread!" "New York bread!" "milk bread!" &c. Most of them are soft, damp dough when fresh; sour, hard dough when stale. Which is worse?

Of course, there are exceptions, but the ordinary condition of bakers' bread in Philadelphia is deplorable. Why need this be? Why does not some one baker undertake to make really good bread? The bran bread and the rye are in many cases so much alike, that you must ask which is which.

But if the bakers sell us bad bread, they do not make fortunes by it. One sees them fat often, but never rich. Carpenters own their houses, bakers never do more than rent them. The profession has its pride though. "We lose a great deal in the Summer time," a baker's wife was heard to say with much complacency, "when the season begins at the watering places and the Springs. Our customers all leave the city; thank goodness, *we* don't serve any of your poor stay-in-town folks."

With such bread as we eat, is it any wonder there is so much dyspepsia among us? Sometimes a little girl is seen just at dusk turning into a little street, with one of the above-mentioned productions lying on a blue-edged plate, and a penny (the change) lying on that. When it is a little boy the penny is in his mouth. It always occurs to me then, "There goes four cents' worth of headache into some laboring man's home." What can be done?

DOROTHEA.

[*Note by the Editor.* "What can be done?" Why, so far as housekeepers are concerned, let them bake their own bread, first having learned how to do it. As to those who "don't *live*, but only *board*," we know not what to say.]

☞ Brief but beautiful are the words in which George Sand speaks of one of the great events of a woman's life, the birth of the first child: "It was the happiest moment of my life, when, after an hour of profound slumber which succeeded to the terrible sufferings of that crisis, I awoke and found this little being asleep on my pillow. I had dreamed so much of it in anticipation, and was so weak, that I was not sure but I was still dreaming, and feared to move lest the vision should disappear, as heretofore."

☞ "Why don't you take a seat within the bar?" asked one gentleman of another at the court room. "For the best reason in the world," replied the other, "my mother always told me to keep out of bad company."

☞ A western editor, having an eye upon a rival city probably, took occasion to vent his opinion, when another editor replied, and drew out the following neat apology: "In the mean time if we have said anything that we are sorry for about your city charter, we are glad of it."

☞ There are a great many counterfeits among young women as well as among men. It is almost impossible to ascertain whether they are genuine metal unless you *ring* them, and that is sometimes a hazardous experiment.

☞ SHORT CORRESPONDENCE.—"Mr. Brown's compliments to Mr. Smith; thinks it unnecessary his piggs should go through his grounds." Reply.—"Mr. Smith's compliments to Mr. Brown; thinks it equally unnecessary to spell *pigs* with two *g's*."

> "MRS. BELL is very ill,
> And nothing can improve her,
> Until she sees the Tuileries,
> And waddles through the Louvre."

☞ A medical quarrel in one of the western towns seems likely to involve the whole faculty of the neighborhood. Some of them talk of challenging. If doctors must fight, let them load their pistols with pills, and shoot at each other's open mouths. They would soon get sick of that business.

THE SILVERSMITH OF ACRE.

It had been a sultry day—one of those breathless summer noons so frequent at St. Jean d'Acre during the latter part of July and beginning of August. The sea lay stagnant as an African lake, and even the tallest branches of trees gave no indication of the slightest zephyr. Silence reigned over the whole town, save where the groans of the fever stricken found dismal echoes in death's desolated rooms.

Djezzar the Butcher, surnamed also the *Terrible*, ruled at that time over the pashalic of Acre; and though, even to this very day, his name is a perfect nightmare to the people of that part, in some instances he displayed much acuteness and even-handedness in dispensing justice among the Christian rajahs under his jurisdiction.

On the day in question the pasha had felt remarkably dull and languid; what with the heat, the prevalence of disease, and the consequent paucity of defaulters, there was little or nothing stirring to excite and stimulate his active disposition. Two men had been impaled in the morning for felony—a reviving spectacle, which had highly amused his excellency so long as the agonies of the poor wretches endured. Half a dozen Jews had even excited him to laughter by their grotesque exertions, when, as tied back to back, they were overcome by the effects of emetics previously administered. A baker or two had been nailed by the ears to the door-posts of the audience-hall for some short comings in weights. And one houri in the harem, who was a favorite, and consequently much noticed, having refused to dance at the pasha's bidding, under the plea of a burning fever with delirium, was mildly incited thereto by being seated upon the burning floor of the "Hammam," which, by the way, produced very different results from what Djezzar anticipated, by throwing the girl into a violent perspiration, and forthwith dispelling the fever.

These summed up the catalogue of that day's diversion for the pasha, and he was seated in a discontented and frowning mood, staring out upon the hot, blood-red sun as it dipped into the cool bosom of the western horizon.

About the same hour, in another quarter of the town, wearied with a hot day's honest labor and toil, Habeeb the Silversmith slipped off the shopboard and into his red slippers, with the intention of locking up and finishing work for the day. To this intent he emptied his cash-box of the day's profits, which amounted to ten piastres, and hauling down the upper shutter and hoisting up the lower (which had served as his shop-board and seat during the day,) he bolted and locked the same, affixing thereto a ponderous padlock that could be picked with a toothpick. Quite secure in his own mind, however, from burglars (although the shop contained his whole stock in trade, valued at nearly ten pounds,) the silversmith adjusted his turban and moustache, and with a light heart and keen appetite walked briskly towards his house in the Christian quarter of the town, thinking the while of his handsome young wife and the capital supper she had doubtless prepared for him. Now Habeeb was a well known and highly-respected tradesman, a cunning workman in his art, and on this account greatly esteemed even by the fanatical Turks of Acre. If you could only have seen the silver rings he turned out, the anklets and wristbands, the ear rings, the nose ornaments, and the toe-rings, the astounding chains and bracelets that he made,—I say, if you could only have seen these, and how much they were prized and sought after by the female portion of the population, you must have admitted that, although the workmanship of the days of King Solomon had not quite revived, Habeeb made a good thing by his calling. You would not have been surprised that the lovely "Catoor," the belle of the Christians at Acre, should have easily consented to become his bride, and that, being his wife, he was immensely proud of her, or that she should (as she ought to have done) dote upon her loving husband.

Full of happiness, the silversmith reached his door, knocked loudly, and was instantly admitted by the black slave girl.

"Where is your mistress?" asked the disappointed husband, who was generally admitted and welcomed by the hands and face he loved best upon earth.

"Mistress!" replied the grinning black, "why, I thought she had gone up to the shop; she left here soon after the 'asser.'"*

Here was astounding information for Habeeb! he could scarcely believe his senses. Search, however, having proven vain, he endeavored to console himself with the idea that his wife, being young and thoughtless, had gone off to the bath to meet some lady friend, and had been prevented from returning as soon as she expected.

Somehow or other his appetite was gone, the meal appeared tasteless, and every morsel he swallowed seemed to stick in his throat. Resolved to relinquish the attempt, he proceeded at once to the public baths in search of the truant; arrived here, great was his consternation on being informed by the man that guarded the entrance that his wife had never been there during the day.

Greatly dispirited, Habeeb returned towards his now desolate home, calling in at every friend's house to make inquiries after his wife. Even the nearest neighbors had seen or heard nothing of her during the afternoon. But one old lady suggested that a jinn had spirited her away. Scorning to give credence to such a report, the unhappy husband came to the desperate conclusion of repairing at once to the terrible pasha, and of there reporting the calamity that had befallen him. Arrived at the palace, Habeeb, trembling all over with awe, was ushered into the tyrant's presence just at the very moment when, as we have already seen, Djezzar was gloomily reflecting upon some alternative to banish ennui. He hailed the silversmith's arrival with manifest glee and evident satisfaction. In a few words Habeeb narrated his errand, which was a satisfactory one for the pasha, for it afforded him ample scope for the display of his talents and his power.

"Do you know," asked Djezzar, in a terrible voice, "any man for whom your wife has at any time evinced a partiality? or have you had any recent cause of disputation with her?"

Habeeb replied in the negative, assuring the pasha that even up to that very morning no-

* The Mohametan day is divided into four parts—viz., "Sobh," daybreak; "Dohr," mid-day; "Asser," afternoon; "Moghrib," sunset.

thing had ever occurred to interrupt the harmony of their lives.

The pasha then inquired whether the woman had taken her clothes or other effects with her. To this the silversmith replied that everything, saving what she stood in, had been left behind.

"Good!" said Djezzar; "go you home directly and fetch hither with you your *wife's* 'marriage trunk.' We shall see if we cannot trace the truant by that means."

The silversmith went home and returned with the trunk as directed, when the pasha ordered him to open it *in his presence*, and take out every article that it contained, enumerating one by one how such and such a thing came into his wife's possession.

Habeeb obeyed, and, in doing so, displayed to view a goodly assortment of lady's apparel, all which he was able to trace as the gift either of himself or of some near relation. The pasha's brow lowered as he fancied himself frustrated in his scheme, when, from the very bottom of the trunk, the bewildered husband produced a most costly and highly embroidered silk tunic, for which he was wholly unable to account.

"That will do," said Djezzar, brightening up again; "you can go home now, and, by the beard of the Prophet! your wife shall be restored to you before a day has elapsed."

With many expressions of gratitude, and full of wonderment at the sagacity of the pasha, Habeeb retired to his home, there to puzzle his brain throughout the night as to what could have become of his wife, and how the dress could possibly effect her discovery.

Meanwhile, the pasha had sent a mandate to the "*Tirgi Baski*," "head tailor" of Acre, summoning him, with every tailor in the place, under dreadful penalty, into his immediate presence. It is needless to say that the command was instantaneously obeyed by the trembling herd of snips, who wondered what new experiments they were to form the subjects of. Arrived in the terrible presence of Djezzar, the silk tunic was laid out for their inspection, and, with a horrible menace, they were one and all invited to inspect the same, and the maker to acknowledge who he had made it for, and who had paid him for the making of it. After a brief survey, one intelligent young man boldly stepped forward and declared that the dress had been made by him for the pasha's treasurer, who had duly paid for the same.

Eyeing him sternly for a while, Djezzar replied,

"Young man, I read *sincerity in your eyes*, and believe what you say. You may, therefore, return to your respective homes at once."

The astonished and happy conclave thus dismissed, Djezzar sent an order to the little-suspecting treasurer for the immediate release of the Christian's wife, who was concealed in his harem. The treasurer vainly denied the charge, and was at last constrained to deliver up the hapless Catoor, who was conducted into the pasha's presence to find her ill-used husband already awaiting her in the audience-hall.

"Christian," said the pasha, "take back your wife. I swore I would recover her, and I have kept my oath."

But Habeeb, whilst acknowledging his great gratitude, required of the pasha that justice should take its course.

"If," said the silversmith, "my wife was forcibly carried away, I shall be only too happy to receive her again into my house and my affections; but if she went of her own free will, then let the law take its course."

The evidence went against the woman, who was accordingly sewn up in a sack and thrown into the sea; and as for the treasurer, he not only received the "*sack*" with regard to the post he held, but was thrown into a dreary dungeon, where he pined over his wickedness through many a weary long day.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

Independently of the sharp sword hanging suspended over his head by a single hair, he lives in subjection to his guards as well as in terror of his enemies. He is surrounded by men whose fortunes depend upon the support of his power. He has given them wealth at their own dictation, by putting the railways in their hands, under conditions of unexampled advantage. They are as faithful to him as they are to their own interests, because they know that they must fall together, but if he presses on the people with his iron hand in its velvet glove, they press upon him with many iron hands and without the velvet glove.

We will give an instance. It is well known that the Emperor is fond of fine horses, and takes every opportunity of enriching his stud. A short time ago he happened to see a very splendid animal, and the desire to purchase it immediately followed. He accordingly gave instructions to an officer of his household, who went to the owner of the horse and signified the wishes of his master. The inclinations of sovereigns are more likely to be thwarted in great things than in small ones. The gentleman, for he was one, mentioned, in reply, the sum he had given but a little while back, and said that although he had no wish to part with his purchase, it should be the Emperor's on the same terms. The transfer was made, but the negotiator received into his own hands just *six times* the sum he paid into the hands of the vendor.

The profits arising from this transaction did not escape detection. The gentleman could not rest under the idea of being considered an extortioner: he obtained an audience, and laid the case before the Emperor: the reply was significant enough. The Emperor said that "*he knew it, but had no remedy!*"—*London Lady's Newspaper.*

☞ In a recent assault and battery case, the counsel for the defence asked the witness if there was much force used in the "push," given complainant by defendant. The witness didn't know; "but there was enough to knock complainant's head from under his hat?"

☞ "Sonny, does your father take a paper?" "Yes, sir, two of them. One of them belongs to Mr. Smith, and the other to Mr. Thompson. I borrows them every week."

☞ Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, states that men and animals are principally composed of solidified air. A fellow on our right asks, "If this be so, is not every man a *bag of wind?*"

☞ There is only one bad wife in the world, and every crusty husband thinks that she has fallen to his lot.

THE POPULATION OF CHINA:

LIFE ON THE WATERS.

[See Engraving.]

The population of the Empire of China, according to official accounts which are considered credible by Sir John Bowring, her Majesty's Plenipotentiary to that Court, is upwards of three hundred and sixty millions of human beings, or at least one-third of the whole population of the globe. In 1655, it was reckoned about sixty millions, according to the history of this country, written by a a Roman Catholic priest, Father Alvares Semedo; so that, if this be true, the population has increased six fold in two hundred years. The support of this enormous population is a very serious consideration for the Imperial government. Hence, as Sir John Bowring observes, "there is abundant evidence of the redundant population pressing more and more heavily upon that government, and suffering more and more severely from an inadequate supply of food. Though there are periods when extraordinary harvests enable the Chinese to transport rice (the principal food of the people), from one province to another, and sometimes even to foreign countries, yet of late the importations from foreign countries have been enormous, and China has drawn largely on the Straits, the Philippines, Siam, and other places, to fill up a vast deficiency in supply. Famine has, notwithstanding, committed dreadful ravages, and the provisions of the Imperial granaries have been wholly inadequate to provide for the public wants. It is true that cultivation has been greatly interfered with by intestine disorders, and that there has been much destruction by inundations, incendiarism, and other accidental or transitory causes; but without reference to these, I am disposed to believe that there is a greater increase in the number of the population than in the home production of food for their use. It must be remembered, too, that while the race is thus augmenting, the causes which lead to the destruction of food—such as the overflow of rivers, fires, ravages of locusts, bad seasons, and other calamities—are, to a great extent, beyond the control of human prudence or human exertion. It would be difficult to show what new element could be introduced which would raise up the native supply of food beyond its present productiveness, considering that hand husbandry has given to cultivation more of a horticultural than an agricultural character.

"The constant flow of emigration from China, contrasted with the complete absence of immigration into China, is striking evidence of the redundancy of the population. They crowd all the islands of the Indian Archipelago. In Java, we know, by a correct census, there are one hundred and thirty-six thousand. Cochin China teems with Chinese. Multitudes go to Australia, to the Philippines, to the Sandwich Islands, to the western coast of Central and Southern America; some have made their way to British India. The emigration to the British West Indies has been considerable—to the Havana, greater still. The annual arrivals in Singapore are estimated at an average of ten thousand, and two thousand is the number that are said annually to return to China.

"There is not only this enormous maritime emigration, but a considerable inland efflux of Chinese towards Mantchuria and Thibet; and it may be added, that the large and fertile islands of Formosa and Hainan have been to a great extent won from the aborigines by successive inroads of Chinese settlers. Now, these are all males; there is not a woman to ten thousand men; yet this perpetual outflowing people seems in no respect to diminish the number of those who are left behind. Few Chinamen leave their country without a fixed purpose to return to worship in the ancestral hall—to bring sacrifices to the tombs of their fathers; but it may be doubted if one in ten revisits his native land. The loss of life from disease, from bad arrangements, from shipwreck, and other casualties, amounts to a frightful percentage on those who emigrate.

"The multitudes of persons who live by the fisheries in China afford evidence, not only that the land is cultivated to the greatest possible extent, but that it is insufficient to supply the necessities of the overflowing population; for agriculture is held in high honor in China, and the husbandman stands next in rank to the sage or literary man, in the social hierarchy. It has been supposed that nearly a tenth of the population derive their means of support from fisheries. Hundreds and thousands of boats crowd the whole coast of China, sometimes acting in communities, sometimes independent and isolated. There is no species of craft by which a fish can be inveigled, which is not practised with success in China—every variety of net, from vast seines, embracing miles, to the smallest handfilet in the care of a child. Fishing by night, and fishing by day—fishing by moonlight, by torchlight, and in utter darkness—fishing in boats of all sizes—fishing by those who are stationary on the rock by the seaside, and by those who are absent for weeks on the wildest of seas—fishing by cormorants—fishing by divers—fishing with lines, with baskets—and every imaginable decoy and device. There is no river which is not staked to assist the fisherman in his craft. There is no lake, no pond, which is not crowded with fish. A piece of water is nearly as valuable as a field of fertile land. At daybreak every city is crowded with sellers of live fish, who carry their commodity in buckets of water, saving all they do not sell to be returned to the pond, or kept for another day's service. And the lakes and ponds of China, not only supply large provisions of fish, they produce considerable quantities of edible roots and seeds, which are largely consumed by the people. Among these the esculent arum, the water chestnut (*scirpus tuberosus*), and the lotus (*pelumbium*), are the most remarkable.

The enormous river population of China (see our illustration), who live only in boats, who are born and educated, who marry, rear their families, and die—who, in a word, begin and end their existence on the water, and never have or dream of any shelter other than the roof, and who seldom tread except on the deck or boards of their sampans—show to what an extent the land is crowded, and how inadequate it is to maintain the cumberers of the soil. In the city of Canton alone, it is estimated that three hundred thousand persons (equal to about three-fourths of the whole population of Philadelphia) dwell upon the surface of the river; and the boats, sometimes twenty or thirty deep, cover some miles, and have their wants supplied by ambulatory salesmen, who wend their way through every accessible passage. Of this vast population, some dwell in decorated river boats used for every purpose of license and festivity—for theatres—for concerts—for feasts—for gambling—for solitary and social recreations; some craft are employed in conveying goods and passengers, and are in a state of constant activity; others are moored, and their owners are engaged as servants or laborers on shore. Indeed, their pursuits are probably nearly as various as those of the land population. The immense variety of boats which are found in Chinese waters has never been adequately described. Some are of enormous size, and are used as magazines for salt or rice—others have all domestic accommodations, and are employed for the transfer of whole families, with all their domestic attendants and accommodations, from one place to another—some, called *centipedes*, from their being supposed to have a hundred rowers, convey, with extraordinary rapidity, the more valuable cargoes from the inner warehouses to the foreign shipping in the ports—all these, from the huge and cumbrous junks, which remind one of Noah's ark, and which represent the rude and coarse constructions of the remotest ages, to the fragile planks upon which the solitary loper hangs upon the outskirts of society—boats of every form and applied to every purpose—exhibit an incalculable amount of population, which may be called amphibious, if not aquatic.

"Not only are land and water crowded with Chinese, but many dwell on artificial islands which float upon the lakes—islands with gardens and houses raised upon the rafters which the occupiers have bound together, and on which they cultivate what is needful for the supply of life's daily wants. They have their poultry and the vegetables for use, their flowers and their scrolls for ornament, their household gods for protection and worship. In all parts of China to which we have access, we find not only that every foot of ground is cultivated which is capable of producing anything, but that from the value of land and the surplus of labor, cultivation is rather that of gardeners than of husbandmen. The sides of hills, in their natural declivity often unavailable, are by a succession of artificial terraces turned to a profitable account. Every little bit of soil, though it be only a few feet in length and breadth, is turned to account; and not only is the surface of the land thus cared for, but every device is employed for the gathering together of every article that can serve for manure. Scavengers are constantly clearing the streets of the stercoraceous filth, the closets are formed by speculators in human ordures, the most populous places are often offensive by the means taken to prevent the precious deposits from being lost. The fields in China have almost always large earthenware vessels for the reception of the contributions of the peasant or the traveller. You cannot enter any of their great cities without meeting multitudes of men, women, and children conveying liquid manure into the fields and gardens around. The stimulants to production are applied with most untiring industry. In this colony of Hong Kong I scarcely ever ride out without finding some little bit of ground either newly cultivated or clearing for cultivation. Attention to the soil—not only to make it productive, but as much productive as possible—is inculcated as a political and social duty. One of the most admired sages of China (Yung-chin) says:—'Let there be no uncultivated spot in the country—no unemployed person in the city;' and the fourth maxim of the sacred edict of Kang-hi, which is required to be read through the empire on the 1st and 15th day of every moon, in the presence of all the officers of State, is to the following effect:—'Let husbandry occupy the principal place, and the culture of the mulberry tree, so that there may be a sufficient supply of food and clothing.' Shin Nung, the name of one of the most ancient and honored of the Chinese Emperors, means 'the Divine Husbandman.'"

☞ Boasting of Relations.—"I'd have you to know, Mrs. Stoker, that my uncle was a bannister of the law." "A fig for your bannister," retorted Mrs. Grumly, turning up her nose, "haven't I a cousin as is a corridor in the navy?"

☞ Insurance of ships was first practised in the reign of Cæsar, in 45. It was a general custom in Europe in 1194. Insurance offices were first established in London in 1667.

THE FLOATING POPULATION OF CANTON.

AT EVEN-TIDE.

What spirit is 't that does pervade
The silence of this empty room?
And as I lift my eyes, what shade
Glides off, and vanishes in gloom?

I could believe, this moment past,
A known form filled that vacant chair,
That, here, kind looks were on me cast
I never shall see anywhere!

The living are so far away!
But thou—thou seemest strangely near;
Know'st all my silent heart would say,
Its peace, its pains, its hope, its fear.

And from thy calm supernal height,
And wondrous wisdom newly won,
Smilest on all our poor delight
And petty woe beneath the sun.

From all this coil thou hast slipped away,
As softly as the cloud departs
Along the hillside purple-gray—
Into the heaven of patient hearts:

Nothing here suffered, nothing missed
Will ever stir from its repose
The death-smile on her lips unkissed,
Who all things loves and all things knows.

And I who, ignorant and weak,
Helpless in love and quick in pain,
Do evermore still restless, seek
The unattainable in vain—

Find it strange comfort thus to sit
While the loud world unheeded rolls,
And clasp, ere yet the fancy flit,
A friend's hand from the Land of Souls.

A Great Country for the Ladies.—The time for marriage in Sparta was fixed by statute—that of the men at about thirty or thirty-five years; that of the women at about twenty or a little younger. All men who continued unmarried after the appointed time were liable to a prosecution; and all old bachelors were prohibited from being present at the public exercise of the Spartan maidens, and were denied the usual respect and honors paid to the aged. "Why should I give you place," cried a young man to an unmarried general, "when you have no child to give place to me when I am old?" No marriage portions were given with any of the maidens, so that neither poverty should prevent a gallant, nor riches tempt him, to marry contrary to his inclinations. The parents of three children enjoyed considerable immunities, and those with four children paid no taxes whatever—a regulation which all married men with large families will readily admit to be most wise and equitable. It was customary for the bridesmaid to cut all the bride's hair on the wedding-day, so that, for some time, at least, her personal attractions should increase with her years.—*Life and Travels of Herodotus.*

How the World is Managed.—I have been told by a gentleman to whose taste great deference is due, that it has been found by careful observations of the fashions, how truly they follow the law of gradation, and are never arbitrary, since the new mode is always a step onward in the same direction as the last, and that the cultivated eye is always prepared for and predicts the new fashion. This fact suggests the reason of all offences in our new modes. It is necessary in music when you strike a discord to let down the ear by a preparatory note or two; so a change in our fashions may not be good because it is felt to be offensively sudden. I dare say the Parisian milliner from the materials in her boudoir will know how to make the bloomer costume good, and triumph over *Punch* himself, by introducing the gradations over which it has leaped. All that is a little harshly claimed by progressive parties may easily come to be conceded without question, if this rule be observed. Thus the circumstances may easily be imagined in which woman may speak, vote, legislate, and drive a coach, and all the most natural in the world, if only it come by degrees.—*Emerson.*

Is the Toad Venomous?—The popular belief in the venomous nature of the toad appears to have existed long before Shakspeare; and it is a question which still gives rise to discussion in our own day. Cuvier's own opinion was that toads were not venomous, but his editors (Regne Animal) qualify this by saying, "There exudes from the skin of the back a white fetid humor, acrid, though not venomous;" "it also squirts a fluid from the anus, and attempts to bite." Dr. John Davy also maintained that they were poisonous, while Fothergill maintained that they were innocent and useful. I have myself heard from good authority, although I do not absolutely vouch for its accuracy, that there is at least this ground for the popular belief, that a kind of acrid mucus is secreted by the skin of the animal, which, although it is innocuous as regards man, sometimes causes a bird seizing a toad instantly to let go its hold.

DREAM TESTIMONY.

In the year 1698 the Rev. Mr. Smythies, curate of St. Giles, Cripplegate, published an account of the robbery and murder of a parishioner, Mr. Stockden, by three men, on the night of Dec. 23, 1695, and of the discovery of the culprits by several dreams of Mrs. Greenwood, Mr. Stockden's neighbor. The main points were these:—In the first dream Mr. Stockden showed to Mrs. Greenwood a house in Thames street, telling her that one of the men was there. Thither she went the next morning, accompanied by a female neighbor, and learned that Maynard lodged there, but was then out. In the second dream Mr. S. represented Maynard's face to her, with a mole on the side of the nose (he being unknown to Mrs. G.), and also tells her that a wire-drawer must take him into custody. Such a person, an intimate of M.'s, is found, and ultimately M. is apprehended. In the third dream Mr. S. appeared with a countenance apparently displeased, and carried her to a house in Old street, where she had never been, and told her that one of the men lodged there. There, as before, she repaired with her friend, and found that Marsh often came there. He had absconded, and was ultimately taken in another place. In the fourth dream Mr. S. carried her over the bridge, up the Borough and into a yard, where she saw Bevil, the third man and his wife (whom she had never seen before). Upon her relating this dream, it was thought that it was one of the prison yards; and she accordingly went to the Marshalsea, accompanied by Mr. Stockden's housekeeper, who had been gagged on the night of the murder. Mrs. Greenwood there recognized the man and woman whom she had seen in her dream. The man, although not recognized at first by the housekeeper, being without his periwig, was identified by her when he had it on. The three men were executed, and Mr. Stockden once more appeared in a dream to Mrs. Greenwood, and said to her, "Elizabeth, I thank thee; the God of Heaven reward thee for what thou hast done." After this, we are informed that she was "freed from these frights, which had caused much alteration in her countenance." This narration I have condensed from John Beaumont's work on Spirits, which was published only six or seven years after Rev. Mr. Smythies' account of the transaction. It is added that the relation was attested by the Bishop of Gloucester, the Dean of York, the Master of the Charter-House, and Dr. Aix. Dr. Ferriar and Hibbert and Sir Walter Scott have each produced their volume in aid of the dangerous task of explaining away the spiritual into the natural, and have each cited Beaumont's work. Nevertheless, of this remarkable account, coming with such an air of authority, they have not taken the smallest notice.—*Notes and Queries.*

Whistling.—The man who don't believe in whistling, should go a step further, and put a muzzle on bobolinks and mocking birds. Whistling is a great institution. It oils the wheels of care, and supplies the place of sunshine. A man who whistles has a good heart under his shirt-front. Such a man not only works more willingly, but he works more constantly. A whistling cobbler will earn as much again money as a cordwainer who gives way to low spirits and indigestion. Mean or avaricious men never whistle. Who ever heard of a whistler among the sharp practitioners of Wall street? We pause for an answer. The man who attacks whistling, throws a stone at the head of hilarity, and would, if he could, rob June of its roses—August of its meadow larks. Such a man should be looked to.—*Albany Times.*

Wellington's Little Joke.—After the battle of Waterloo, the editor of this biography happened to enter the Duke of Wellington's opera-box in Paris, on some business. The Duke was sitting alone in an upper dark corner of the box, the seats in front being filled with fashionable London men and women, who were with great volubility discussing the battle, and assigning all the honors to the cavalry. The Duke listened, laughed, and in a low voice said, "I have told them that the British infantry won the battle, and all our battles; but it has been intimated to me that I know nothing of the matter, and I expect soon to be told I was not there."—*Memoirs of Sir Charles Napier.*

The Beauty of the Pyramids.—One cannot see the grand sepulchres of Egypt without feeling that for such a tomb one would almost wish to die. Shelley said that the high marble walls and ceilings, so delicately carved, were not so much tombs as sojourning chambers for immortal spirits.—*Emerson.*

SCENES AT A FOUNTAIN.

BY G. W. THORNBURY.

Here the proud peacock came to spread his fan,
Its emerald lustres and its purple eyes;
The water, then all molten sapphire, caught
The glory of those dyes.

Here the white doves came down to peck and prune,
Like melting snow their mingling shadows fell;
Driven in flapping circles round the elms,
Scared by the clamorous bell.

And here the goldfinch, like a magic bird,
Would perch and sing, unheeded and alone;
Flirting the bright drops from its hazel wings,
Upon the marble stone.

And here the panting stag-hound, worn and weak,
Hurried, to dip its red and frothy tongue;
Sullen, not caring for the rippling fount,
Or for the bird that sung.

Mopping and mowing, came the jester quaint,
All red and yellow—ran to splash and dip;
A mad song lurking in his wandering eye—
A mad jest on his lip.

Here came the Queen of Hearts, sweet mistress Anne,
"By Hercules, a most excelling fair!"
So lisped Sir Agus; she spake not, but stooped
To re-arrange her hair.

The fat cook, reeking from his fiery den,
Waddled to rinse his silver and his dish;
Marking, with staring eye of foolish awe,
The gold and silver fish.

The falconer, busy with his bells and straps,
Used here to bathe the bruised wing of his hawk;
Smiling to see the bright eye of the bird—
Marking him strut and stalk.

Here old Sir Richard spurred his hot-flashed steed,
Faint with the scurry of a long day's chase;
A cold frown on his sallow leaden eye,
So full of pride of race.

And here the friar would sit and dip his beads,
Thinking of Jonah and the water-world;
Or moralising on the fallen leaf, when now
Autumn's gold banner furled.

And here the young lord, rosy through his curls,
Came stealthily to swim his gilded boat;
Clapping his hands to see the silver-jet,
And rainbow-bubbles float.

Here, too, that dreadful night when ruin fell
Upon the house, those red hands washed the knife;
As from the distant gable came a shriek
From the departing life.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Whether basques will continue to be as fashionable as heretofore is at present a doubtful question. Many of the principal dressmakers, both of London and Paris, are endeavoring to lay them aside, considering them to have been worn for a period sufficiently long to render a change desirable. But though less generally adopted than they have been, basques are not yet wholly discarded. Several dresses recently prepared for ladies of high fashion have basques. One of these is a dress of black and white chequered silk; the corsage has a long basque descending nearly midway down the skirt. It is edged with a trimming of black velvet grelots and jet. The sleeves of the dress are trimmed with a deep frill. Among the dresses displaying most novelty, may be mentioned one of lilac silk, trimmed with four flounces. Two are pinked at the edge, and are disposed alternately with the other two, which are vandyked and trimmed with fringe. The corsage of this dress is buttoned up to the throat, and is without a basque. The sleeves are trimmed with three frills, in a style corresponding with the flounces, namely, two being pinked, and one vandyked and trimmed with fringe. A dress of gray chequered silk is made with two skirts, without trimming, and the corsage, which has no basque, is trimmed with brandebourgs and grelots matching the color of the silk. The sleeves are formed of a puffing and a very deep frill, and they are trimmed with brandebourgs and grelots.

The number of new bonnets increases, as the summer advances. We select for description some of those most conspicuous, either for novelty or taste:—One is composed of bouillones of tulle illusion, disposed alternately with ruches of the same material. Under the bouillones are runnings of white silk or ribbon. The trimming consists of bouquets of white heath, one on each side. Sprigs of white heath are intermingled with the inside trimming. The same style of bonnet has been made with runnings of colored ribbon, instead of white, under the bouillones. A bonnet of French chip is trimmed with a cordon of daisies, intermingled with moss, grass, and green wheat-ears. The curtain is formed of tulle, edged with a strip of French chip. In the inside there is a bouquet of daisies and wheat-ears on one side, and on the other, loops of French chip. Strings of white ribbon.

Straw bonnets intended for plain walking dress, are trimmed with black or colored velvet, and occasionally intermingled with black lace. A Leghorn bonnet has been trimmed with tulle, a bow of cerise velvet, and a tuft of corn-flowers and wheat-ears. A bonnet of plain white straw is edged with green velvet and trimmed with a bouquet consisting of green wheat-ears and flowers of different hues, fixed by a bow of green velvet. Another straw bonnet has the edge of the brim and the curtain ornamented with a trimming of narrow black velvet, set on in a trellis pattern. A wreath of small yellow flowers, intermingled with grass, passes round the crown, and surmounts the curtain. One of the new Leghorn bonnets is edged with black lace, and trimmed with a wreath of blackberries and wheat-ears.

A variety of elegant caps may be numbered among the novelties of the season. Those destined for evening wear are formed of a combination of different materials. One is composed of blonde, chequered with rows of narrow cerise-color velvet; it is trimmed with quillings of blonde and loops and ends of velvet. A cap composed of frills of white blonde and black lace, is very tastefully trimmed with loops of amber-color ribbon. This cap has flowing strings of amber-color ribbon, and a large bow of the same is placed at the back, above the curtain. Another cap, composed of blonde, is trimmed with blue ribbon and bouquets of small roses.

Among the recent importations from Paris, may be mentioned some very pretty pocket-handkerchiefs, introduced for the spring season. They are ornamented with embroidery in colors, the pattern consisting of flowers; such, for instance, as daisies, violets, &c.—*London Lady's Paper, May 16th.*

HOW TO FALL ASLEEP.

In a curious essay by Dr. Binn, on the "Anatomy of Sleep," he thus directs us how to fall asleep:—

"The great point to be gained in order to secure sleep, is escape from thought—especially from that clinging, tenacious, imperious thought which, in most cases of wakefulness, has possession of the mind. I always effect this by the following simple process:—I turn my eye-balls as far to the right or left, or upward or downward, as I can without pain, and then commence rolling them slowly, with that divergence from a direct line of vision, around in their sockets, and continue doing this until—I fall asleep; which occurs generally within three minutes, and always within five at most. The immediate effect of this procedure differs from that of any other which I ever heard, to procure sleep. It not merely diverts thought into a new channel, but actually suspends it.

"Since I became aware of this, I have endeavored innumerable times, while thus rolling my eyes, to think upon a particular subject, and even upon that which before kept me awake, but I could not. As long as they were moving around, my mind was a blank. If any one doubts this, let him try the experiment for himself. I wish he would—let him pause just here, and make it. I venture to assure him that if he makes it in good faith, in the manner described, the promise of a 'penny for his thoughts,' or for each of them, while the operation is in progress, will add very little to his wealth. Such being its effect, we cannot wonder that it should bring sleep to a nervous and wakeful man at night. The philosophy of the matter is very simple. A suspension of thought is to the mind what a suspension of travel or labor is to the weary body. It enjoys the luxury of rest; the strain upon its faculties removed, it falls asleep as naturally as the farmer in his chair, after toiling all day in the fields."

Why it is "No Go" with Some Bright Intellects.—A strong mind in a weak body is like a superior knife-blade in a miserable handle. Its workmanship may be ever so finished, its temper ever so true, its edge ever so keen; but, for want of means to wield it properly, it will not cut to much purpose. Ambitious youths, who intend to carve out fame and fortune with their sharp intellects, should think of this *simile*, and see to it that their bodies—the handles whereby they are to manage that wonderful weapon, the human mind—are kept in sound-jointed, firmly riveted, perfectly cleansed condition.

Useful Receipts.

Improved Mode of Cooking Salt Pork.—For the benefit of those who, like ourselves, are obliged to use considerable salt pork, the following method is recommended, by which it is very much improved, especially for frying. Cut as many slices as may be needed, if for breakfast, the night previous, and soak till morning in a quart or two of milk and water, about one-third milk—skimmed milk, if not too near souring, is best; rinse till the water is clear, and then fry. It is nearly or quite as nice as fresh pork—both the fat and the lean parts.—*Cor. Ohio Farmer.*

Warts on Horses.—First cut off the wart with a sharp knife; then wash it thoroughly with a strong solution of copperas, which will prove an effectual cure.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

For the Cure of Whooping Cough.—A correspondent of the New York Evening Post furnishes the following receipt for the cure of th whooping cough:

The best kind of coffee prepared as for the table, and give as a common drink to the child as warm as can be drank; and a piece of alum for the patient to lick as soon as it may wish. Most children are fond of alum, and will get all they need without being urged; but if they dislike it, they must be made to taste of it eigh' or ten times in the course of a day. It will effectually break up the worst case of whooping cough in a very short time. To adults and children in the habit of taking coffee the remedy is good for nothing.

Carrot Pie.—Wash and scrape the carrots, boil till soft, sift and prepare like pumpkin pie. Many think them superior to pumpkins. They may be made with or without eggs.

To Keep Butter Hard and Cool.—A writer in the Scientific American recommends to the ladies a very simple arrangement for keeping butter nice and cool in the hottest weather. Procure a large, new flower-pot of sufficient size to cover the butter plate, and also a saucer large enough for the flower-pot to rest in upside down; place a trivet or meat stand (such as is sent to the oven when a joint is baked) in the saucer, and put on this trivet the plate of butter; now fill the saucer with water, and turn the flower-pot over the butter, so that its edge will be below the water. The hole in the flower pot must be fitted with a cork; the butter will then be in what we may call an air-tight chamber. Let the whole of the outside of the flower-pot be then thoroughly drenched with water and place it in as cool a place as you can. If this be done over night, the butter will be "firm as a rock" at breakfast time; or, if placed there in the morning, the butter will be quite hard for use at tea hour. The reason of this is, that when water evaporates, it produces cold; the porous pot draws up the water which in warm weather quickly evaporates from the sides and thus cools it, and as no warm air can now get at the butter it becomes firm and cool in the hottest day.

To Get Rid of House Ants.—The best way to get rid of ants is to set a quantity of cracked walnuts, or shellbarks, on plates, and put them in a closet where the ants congregate. They are very fond of these, and will collect in them in myriads. When they have collected them, make a general *auto-da-fe*, by turning nuts and ants together into the fire, and then replace the plates with fresh nuts. After they have become so thinned off as to cease collecting on plates, powder some gum camphor an put in the holes and crevices, whereupon th remainder will speedily vamose. It may help the process of getting them to assemble on the shellbarks, to remove all edibles out of their way for a time.

WINE ÆRIAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY LAURA M. COLVIN.

"I stood, again, on the rocky hill-side, and listening to the murmur of the pine boughs, drank deep draughts of delicious air."—*Extract from the letter of a friend.*

Drink deep of each delicious draught
The murmurous bough distils,
And let it waken pleasant dreams,
That breeze from off the hills;
Ay, quaff that unseen, crystal cup,
By flower-fringed valleys holden up,
Mantled with wine that gods might sup!

Such was the nectar flowing free
At the Olympian board,
For purer, more inspiring draught
Bright Hebe never poured!
'Tis wine ærial—and it gleams,
Touched by the morn, in amber streams,
Or purpled by the sun's last beams.

Upon that beaker of rich wine
Floats more delicious joy
Than in the blood-drops of the grape,
Whose raptures sense destroy.
Ænalic art thou, zephyr-fanned,
More than the Bacchanalian band,
With vine-wreathed Thyrsus in their hand.

Each breeze is fraught with full delight;
On sunny slope and plain,
Enchantments of the by-gone hours
Seem pictured forth again;
Woods whisper as to fairy dreams,
Behold the berries' coral gleams
In meadows silver-veined with streams!

Behold the fabled fount of youth
Bubbles o'er shining sand!
For life puts on its morning hues,
Breathing those airs so bland;
Nepenthe for all care and pain!
Elixir for the weary brain,
Stealing through every sluggish vein!

Drink deep of each refreshing draught
Of that ærial wine,
And listen on the mountain side
The music of the pine;
And from the soft and summer air,
Oh, drink of health no stinted share,
And give one pledge to Nature fair!

THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE of the WAR WITH MEXICO

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER L.

AWKWARD ODDS.

Ijurra was alone, and I continued to advance to the spot where he was standing. His back was towards me, for he still fronted in the direction in which Isolina had galloped off. He had followed her with his eyes, with a cry of disappointed rage, with a threat of malignant vengeance.

The sound of his own voice hindered him from hearing mine, and he was not aware of my presence, when I paused, scarcely three feet from where he stood, and directly behind him. I held my sword drawn; I could have thrust him in the back, through and through again, before he could have offered either defence or resistance. He was completely in my power.

Fortunate was it for him at that moment that I had been bred a gentleman, else in another instant his lifeless body would have lain at my feet. A plebeian blade would have made short work with the ruffian, and I confess that my instincts of fair play were sorely tried. I had before me a man who had sought my life—a deadly foe—a deadly foe to her I loved—a perjured villain—a murderer! With such titles for himself, he had none to the laws of honor; and I confess that for one short moment, I felt like disregarding his claim. 'Twas but for a moment: the thought revolted me. Wicked and worthless as he was, I could not stab him in the back.

I leaned forward, and tapping him upon the shoulder, pronounced his name.

It was the first intimation he had of my presence; and starting as if hit by a bullet, he turned his face towards me. The flush of anger upon his cheek suddenly gave place to a deadly pallor, and his eyes became set in that peculiar stare that indicates an apprehension of danger. This he must have felt keenly, for my determined look and drawn sword—to say nothing of the surprise by which I had come upon him—were calculated to produce that effect.

It was the first time we had stood face to face, and now I perceived that he was a much larger man than myself. But I saw, too, that his eye quailed, and his lip quivered at the encounter. I saw that he was cowed; I felt that I was his master.

"You are Rafael Ijurra?" I repeated, as he had not made answer to my first interrogation.

"*Si, Senor*," he answered, hesitatingly.—"What want you with me?"

"You have some documents there (he still held the papers in his hand); a portion of them belongs to me. I shall trouble you to hand them over."

"Are you Captain Warfield?" he asked, after a pause, at the same time pretending to examine the superscription upon the commissary's letter. I saw that his fingers trembled.

"I am Captain Warfield—you ought to know by this time?"

Without noticing the insinuation, he replied: "True—there is a letter here bearing that address. I found it upon the road; you are welcome to it, senor."

As he said this, he handed me the commissary's order, still retaining the other documents.

"There was an enclosure? I perceive you have it in your hand. I beg you will make me equally welcome to that."

"Oh! a note signed Ramon de Vargas? It was an enclosure?"

"Precisely so; and of course goes along with the letter."

"Oh, certainly; here it is, senor."

"There is still another little document in your possession—a safeguard from the American commander granted to a certain lady. It is not yours, Senor Ijurra! I beg you will deliver it to me. I wish to return it to the lady to whom it belongs."

This was the bitterest pill I had yet presented to him. He glanced hastily first to the right and then to the left, as if desirous of making escape. He would fain have done so, but I kept him under my eye, and he saw that my hand was ready.

"Certainly there is a safeguard," replied he after a pause, and with a feigned attempt at laughter. "'Tis a worthless document to me; 'tis at your service, sir captain;" and as he handed me the paper, he accompanied the act with another sorry cachinnation.

I folded the precious documents, and thrust all three under the breast of my coat; then placing myself in fighting attitude, I cried out to my adversary to "draw and defend" himself.

I had already noticed that he wore a sword, and, like myself, it appeared to be the only weapon he carried. I saw no pistols upon his person. I had none myself—nothing save a light cut-and-thrust sword. It was far slighter than the sabre of my antagonist, but it was a weapon that had seen service in my hands, and I had perfect confidence in it. I had no fear for the result against so cowardly an adversary; I was not awed, either by his heavier blade, or the superior size of his person.

To my astonishment, he hesitated to unsheath his sword!

"You *must* draw," I shouted with emphasis. "You or I have now to die. If you do not defend yourself, I shall run you through the body. Coward! would you have me kill you with your blade in its sheath?"

Even the taunt did not nerve him. Never saw I so complete a poltroon. His white lips trembled, his eyes rolled wildly from side to side, seeking an opportunity to escape. I am certain that could he have hoped to get clear, he would at that crisis have turned and run.

All at once, and to my surprise, the coward appeared smitten with courage; and grasping the hilt of his sabre, he drew the blade ringing from its scabbard, with all the energy of a determined man! His reluctance to fight seemed suddenly to have forsaken him. Had I mistaken my man? or was it despair that was nerving his arm?

His cowed look had disappeared; his eyes flashed with fury and vengeance; his teeth gritted together; and a fierce *carajo* hissed from his lips.

Our blades met—the sparks crackled from the creasing steel, and the combat began.

Fortunate for me, that, in avoiding the first lunge of my antagonist, I had to turn half round; fortunately I turned so soon, else I should never have left that glade alive.

As I faced in the new direction, I saw two men running towards us, sword in hand. A single glance told me they were guerrilleros. They were already within ten paces of the spot, and must have been seen long before by Ijurra.

This was the key to his altered demeanor. Their approach it was that had inspired him with courage to begin the fight, for he had calculated the time when they should be able to get up, and assail me from behind.

"*Hola!*" shouted he, seeing that I had discovered them—"*Hola! El Zorro—Jose! anda! anda! Mueran los Yankies! al muerte con el picaro!*"

For the first time, I felt myself in danger. Three swords to one was awkward odds; and the red giant, with a companion nearly as large as himself, would no doubt prove very different antagonists from the poltroon with whom I was engaged. Yes, I was conscious of danger, and might have retreated, had I deemed such a course possible; but my horse was too far off, and the new-comers were directly in the path I should have to take to reach him. I could not hope to escape on foot: I well knew that these men run as lightly as Indians, for we had often proved their capacity in that accomplishment. They were already too near. I should be overtaken, struck down, pierced, with my back to the foe.

I had no time to reflect—just enough to leap back a pace or two, so as to bring all three of them in front of me, when I found my sword clashing against their blades, and parrying their blows one after the other.

I can describe the unequal combat no further. It was a confused medley of cut and thrust, in which I both gave wounds and received them. I was wounded in several places, and felt the warm blood running under my clothes and over my face. I was wearied to death, and every second growing weaker and fainter. I saw the red giant before me with his hand raised on high. His blade had already drawn my blood, and was crimsoned at the point; it was about to descend with a finishing stroke. I should be unable to parry it, for I had just exhausted my strength in guarding against a blow from Ijurra. My hopeless peril wrung from me a cry of despair.

Was it my cry that caused the blade to drop from the hand of my antagonist, and the uplifted arm to fall loosely by his side? Was it my cry that created the consternation suddenly visible in the faces of my foes? I might have fancied so, had I not heard a sharp crack from behind, and seen that the arm of El Zorro was broken by a shot!

It seemed like the awaking from some horrid dream. One moment I was battling, face to face, with three desperate men; the instant after, their backs were towards me, and all three were running as for life!

I followed them with my eyes, but not far; for at twenty paces off they plunged into the thicket, and disappeared.

I turned in the opposite direction. A man was running across the open ground with a gun in his hand; he was advancing toward the spot where I stood. It was he who had fired the shot. I saw that he was in Mexican costume; surely he was one of the guerrilleros—he had aimed at me, and wounded his comrade!

For some seconds, I fancied that such might be the case. Evidently he was bolder than any of the three, for he continued to advance, as if determined to attack me alone!

I placed myself in readiness for this new antagonist, taking a fresh grasp on my sword, and wiping the blood from my eyes, that I might the better receive him.

It was not until he was close to the point of my blade, that I recognized the long ape-like arms, and crooked, mateless limbs of Elijah Quackenboss!

CHAPTER LI.

AN OFFICIAL BLACK-LIST.

The ranger, after delivering his fire, had not waited to reload, but ran forward with the intention of joining me in the hand-to-hand fight, though he carried no other weapon than his empty gun. But this would have been an efficient arm in such hands; for, despite his unsymmetrical build, Dutch Lige was stalwart and tough, and would have been a full match for any two of my assailants, had they stood their ground. But the crack of the gun had set them off like deer. They fancied, no doubt, that a stronger force was near; perhaps they remembered the terrible rifles of the trappers, and no doubt believed it was they who had arrived to the rescue. Indeed, such was my own belief, until I saw the oddly costumed ranger bounding towards the spot.

A glance satisfied me that I owed my preservation to Lige's love of botanical science. A large, globe-shaped cactus plant, bristling like a hedge-hog, hung dangling from the swivel of his gun—it was thus carried to save his fingers from contact with its barbed spines—while stuck into every loop and button-hole of his dress could be seen the leaves and branchlets, and fruits and flowers, of a host of curious and unknown plants. He had been herborizing in the woods; and coming by chance within earshot of the scuffle, had scrambled through the bushes just in time to spoil the *coup-de-grace* intended by El Zorro.

"Thanks, Quackenboss! thanks, my brave friend! you came in good time: you have saved me."

"But a poor shot I've made, capten. I ought to have broken that red divel's skull, or sent my bullet into his stomach; he's got off too easy."

"It was a good shot: you broke his arm, I think."

"Ach! 'twas a poor shot'; the cactus spoiled my aim. You hurt, capten?"

"I am wounded, but not mortally, I think. I feel a little faint; 'tis only the blood. My horse—you will find him yonder—among the trees—yonder. Go, Lige; bring my horse—my horse—"

For some minutes I was out of the world. When consciousness came back, I perceived that my steed had been brought up, and stood near. The botanist was bending over me, and binding up my wounds with strips torn from his own shirt. He had one boot on; the other stood by, full of water, a portion of which he had already poured down my throat, and with the rest he proceeded to bathe my temples and wash the blood from my face.

This done, I soon felt refreshed and strong enough to mount; and having climbed into the saddle, I set out for the ranchería, my companion half guiding, half leading my horse.

By the path which we followed, we should have to pass close to the hacienda and within sight of it; but night had come on, and the darkness would hinder us from being observed. It was what I now desired, though I had left the cerro with hopes and wishes directly the reverse. With a red gash upon my forehead—my uniform torn and blood-stained—I feared being seen, lest my invalid appearance should create unnecessary alarm. But we passed on without meeting any one, either by the hill or upon the main road; and in half an hour after, I was safe within my *cuarto* in the house of the alcalde. * * * * * * *

The incidents of the day preyed upon my spirits, and I was far from feeling easy about the future. I knew that my betrothed would be true till death; and I felt ashamed that I had doubted her, even for a moment. About her loyalty I had no uneasiness, and I mentally vowed never more to give way to suspicion.

It was no thought of that which now troubled me, but an anxiety about *her personal safety*; and this grew stronger the more I pondered upon it, till it assumed almost the form of a fear.

The man who had used such bitter threats, and behaved with so much rudeness, would scarcely stop at anything. 'Tis true I had deprived him of much of his power over her, by stripping him of the dangerous documents; but it was not the time, nor was he the man to stand upon nice distinctions of legality, where jealousy and cupidity were the incentives to action. Holding a sort of irresponsible office as the chief of what was less a patriotic guerrilla, than a band of brigands, it was difficult to tell what such a monster might or might not attempt. In our absence from the post the ruffian would be full master of the neighborhood. What deed might he not accomplish with impunity, holding his power directly from the unprincipled dictator, whom he was accustomed to imitate as a model, and who would indorse any act of villainy, provided it was the act of one of his own satellites. I shuddered as I reflected.

The reappearance of Ijurra and his band—for I doubted not that his followers were near—their reappearance in that vicinity, and at such a crisis—just as we were being withdrawn—had something ominous in it. They must have known ere this of the plan of campaign designed for the American army. Wheatley's rumor had proved well founded. The new commander-in-chief, Scott, had arrived upon the ground, and three-fourths of the "army of occupation" had been draughted to form the expedition destined to act upon Vera Cruz. As this general stripped our old favorite "Rough and Ready" of *only* his best troops, we had the consolation of knowing that the "Rangers" were among the "picked;" though for all that, many of us would have preferred remaining with the brave veteran who had already led us often to victory. I can answer for Wheatley and myself; I might also vouch for Hollingsworth, though far different were his motives for wishing to remain on the Rio Grande. His sweetheart was revenge—in his breast long cherished—to his heart faithful and true.

I have said that our design must have been known ere this; indeed the army was already in movement. Troops and brigades were marching upon Brazos, Santiago, and Tampico, there to be embarked for the south, and all that were to go had received their orders. The provinces on the Rio Grande were not to be entirely abandoned, but the army left there was to have its lines contracted, and would therefore cover much less ground. Not only was our little post to be deserted, but the neighboring town, which had long been the head-quarters of a division, was also to be evacuated. No force of our army would remain within fifty miles of the rancherías, and perhaps no American troop would ever again visit that isolated village. The reflection rendered me more than melancholy.

No doubt of it—the enemy was apprised of our movements. In our special case—that *we*, the rangers, were to march on the following morning—was well known to the people of the neighborhood. It had been known to them for several days; and it had not passed unobserved by us that the citizens of the place—those who were not Ayankiesados—had lately shown themselve more sulky and inhospitable, in proportion as the time approached for our departure. This *brusqueris* had led to several street-conflicts, in which knives had been drawn and blood spilled, and much "bad blood" begotten on both sides.

Another circumstance was not unnoticed among us. Ribald pasquinades, rudely written, and accompanied by threats of proscription, were at this time thrust under the doors of such of the citizens as had been friendly to us. Even the alcalde had received some documents of this character—perhaps emanating from a jealous *tiendero* who had looked with bitter eye upon the courtship of Wheatley and Conchita. It was not till afterwards I learned that similar missives had "come to hand" in a quarter that more concerned myself.

Some scouted the absurdity of these acts, alleging that they sprung from personal enmity, or originated in the mob-patriotism of the *leperos*. It was not so, as I afterwards learned; the government of the country, or at all events, several of its prominent members, countenanced the meanness; and at their instigation, a "black list" was made out in every town and village through which the American army had occasion to pass. Let the minister, Senor O———, make answer to this accusation.

I was musing on this disagreeable theme, after my return from the cerro, and endeavoring to sketch out some plan for the safety of my betrothed during my absence, but my thoughts proved barren. With a sort of faint hope that the villain Ijurra might yet fall into our hands, I had despatched Hollingsworth—nothing loath for the duty—with a party of rangers upon his trail, and I was impatiently awaiting their return.

The voice of Wheatley aroused me from my reverie.

"Well, lieutenant, what is it?"

"Only that precious boy," answered he, with a significant smile, at the same time ushering "Cyprio" into the room.

The lad carried a note, which I opened. A green sprig of juniper was enclosed, and the simple word "*haya*," was written in pencil. I knew the symbol well. The juniper is *haya* in that most beautiful of tongues, and *haya* from a lady signifies "yours."

"Anything more?" I asked of the messenger.

THE INSTANT AFTER, THEIR BACKS WERE TOWARD ME, AND ALL THREE WERE RUNNING AS FOR LIFE!

"Nothing, Senor Capitan," answered the intelligent boy; "only to inquire if you had arrived safe."

She had been anxious then!

I separated the branchlet into two equal parts; one I placed in my bosom: the other, having fervently kissed, I enclosed in a folded sheet, upon which I wrote the words:

"*Tuyo——tuyo——hasta la muerte!*"

Cyprio bore back my parting message.

At midnight, Hollingsworth and his party came in from the scout. Nothing had been seen of the guerilla.

CHAPTER LII.

THE ROUTE.

It was a struggle between Aurora and the moon, which of them should rule the sky, when our bugle rang its clear *reveille*, rousing the rangers from their slumber, and startling their steeds at the stall. The goddess of morning soon triumphed, and under her soft blue light, men and horses could be seen moving about, until the bugle again sounded; this time to "boot and saddle;" and the rangers began to form in the plazza, and prepare for the route.

A single wagon with its white tilt and long team of mules already "hitched up," stood near the centre of the square. It constituted the whole baggage train of the corps, and served as an ambulance for our invalids. Both baggage and sick had been safely stowed, and the vehicle was ready for the road. The bugler, already in his saddle, awaited my orders to sound the "forward."

I had climbed to my favorite smoking-room, the azotea. Perhaps it was the last time I should ever set foot on those painted tiles. My eyes wandered over the plazza, though I little heeded what was passing there. Only the silent points of the picture were noticed by me—steeds under saddle and bridle; men buckling on folded blankets, holsters, and valises; a few already in the saddle; a few more standing by the heads of their horses; and still another few grouped around the door of the *pulperia*, *mezcal* or *cafalan*, with their swarthy Mexican acquaintances. Here and there, in front of some adobe hut, might be observed a more tender leave-taking. The ranger fully equipped—with arms, haversack and canteen—leaning against the heavy bars of a window, with face turned inward, as though he was talking to some prisoner through the grating of a jail. But he is himself the real captive, ensnared during his short sojourn, and still held in chains by the olive-skinned *poblana*, whose dark liquid eyes may be seen on the other side of the reja, flashing with love, or melting with sad tenderness at the prospect of parting.

Others, again, are bidding their *adios* in retired corners, under the shadow of the church walls, or in groups of four or five more openly in the plazza itself. Early as is the hour, the people have all arisen; and not a few of the brown, rebosa-clad, short-skirted wenches are already on their way, *jarro* on head, to the fountain. There the pitchers are filled, and lifted on their heads—perhaps for the last time—by the rangers, who perform the office with all the rude grace in their power. Then follows a profusion of smiles and bows, and a dislogno, on the ranger's part extending to the whole of his Spanish, which consists of the phrase:

"Mucho bueno, muchacha!"

The usual reply, accompanied with a display of pretty white teeth, is:

"Mucho bueno, cavallero! mucho bueno Tejano!" given in like ungrammatical phrase, in order that it may be intelligible to the person to whom it is addressed.

I have often been surprised at the success of my great uncouth followers with these *petite* dark-eyed damsels of Anahuac; but, indeed, many of the rangers are not bad-looking men. On the contrary, there are handsome fellows among them, if they were only put into clean shirts, and a little more closely shaven. But woman's eye is keen-sighted in such matters: she easily penetrates through the disguise of dust, the bronze of sun-tan, and the shaggy mask of an ill-kept beard; and no eye is quicker in this respect than that of the fair Mexicana. In the big, apparently rude, individual, called a "ranger," she beholds a type of strength and courage, a heart that can cherish, and an arm that can protect her. These are qualities that, from all time, have won the love of woman.

It is evident they are not all friends whom we are leaving behind us. Hostile faces may be observed, many of them, peering from open doors or windows. Here and there a sulky lepero swings about in his blanket, or cowers by the corner of the street, scowling savagely from under his broad-brimmed hat. Most of this class are absent—as long since ascertained—with the guerrilla; but a few still remain to give shadow to the picture. They regard the approaches towards the women with ill-concealed anger; and would resent this politeness if they dared. They confine the exhibition of their spite to the dastardly meanness of ill-treating the women themselves, whenever they have an opportunity. No later than the night before, one of them was detected in beating his sweetheart or mistress for the crime, as was alleged, of dallying too long in the company of a Tejano. The Tejano, in this case, took the law into his own hands, and severely chastised the jealous *pelado*.

Even in the hurried glance which I gave to these scenes of leave-taking, I could not help noticing an expression on the faces of some of the young girls that had in it a strange significance. It was something more than sadness—it was more like the uneasy look that betokens apprehension.

Perhaps the state of mind I was in magnified my perceptions. At that moment a struggle was passing in my own breast, and a feeling of irresolution lay heavy upon me. All night long had my mind dwelt upon the same thought—the danger that menaced my betrothed—all night long I had been occupied with plans to avert it, but no reasonable scheme had I succeeded in devising.

It is true the danger was only hypothetical and undefined, but it was just this suppositious indefiniteness that caused the difficulty in providing against it. Had it assumed a tangible shape, I might more easily have adopted some means of avoiding it: but no—it remained a shadow, and against a shadow I knew not what precautions to take. When morning broke, I was still struggling under the same nervous indecision.

Problematical as was the peril my fancy had formed, there were moments when it appalled me—moments when my mind labored under a painful presentiment, and I could not cast off the load by any act of volition. With all my philosophy, I could not fortify myself against the belief that "coming events cast their shadows before;" and, spite of myself, I kept repeating in thought the weird prophetic words. Upon my soul, certainly, there were shadows, and dark ones; if the events should have any correspondence with them, then there was misery before me.

I have termed the danger in which Isolina was placed indefinite: it was not so indefinite, after a slight analysis; it was directly traceable to the presence of Rafael Ijurra. True, there were other sources of apprehension; other perils surrounded her, arising from the disturbed state of the country—but these did not point at her in particular. That frontier province had been for years in a distracted condition—by revolution or Indian invasion—and war was no new thing to its people. In the midst of strife had the fair flower grown to perfect blooming, without having been either crushed or trodden upon. Isolina de Vargas was a woman of sufficient spirit to resist insult and cast off intrusion. I had just had proof of this. Under ordinary circumstances, I had no fear that she would be unequal to the emergency; but the circumstances in which she now stood were not of that character; they were extraordinary to an extreme degree. In addition to the light thrown upon Ijurra's designs by his own menacing confession, I knew other particulars of him. Hollingsworth had helped me to a knowledge of this bad man, and that knowledge it was that rendered me apprehensive. From a nature so base and brutal, it was natural I should dread the worst.

But what could I do? I might have thrown up my commission, and remained upon the spot, but that would have been worse than idle. I could not have protected myself, much less another. The rangers once gone from the place, my life would not have been safe there for a single hour.

Only one plan suggested itself that had the semblance of feasibility—to seek another interview with Isolina—her father as well—and adjure them to remove at once from the scene of danger. They might go to San Antonio de Bexar, where, far removed from hostile ground, they could live in safety till the war should be ended.

It was only at the last moment that this happy idea came into my head, and I reviled myself that I had not conceived it sooner. The chief difficulty would lie in the opposition of Don Ramon. I knew that he was aware of the *friendship* that existed between his daughter and myself, and furthermore, that he had opposed no obstacle to it; but how could I convince him of the necessity for so sudden an expatriation as the one I was about to propose? how should I persuade him of the peril I myself dreaded? and from such a source!

Another difficulty I might encounter—in the proud spirit of Isolina herself. Much did I fear she would never consent to be thus driven from her home, and by such a poltroon as she knew her cousin to be. She had cowed and conquered him but the day before; she feared him not; she would not be likely to partake of my painful apprehensions. My counsel might be disregarded, my motives misconstrued.

The time, too, was unfavorable. We must be on the march by sunrise—so ran our orders—and already the day was breaking. I cared not much for this; I could easily have overtaken my troop; but it was a delicate matter—that could only be excused by a certain knowledge of danger—to awake a gentleman's family at such an hour, even for the purpose of warning them. Moreover, should my advice prove fruitless, I reflected that my visit—which could not be made in secret—might aid in bringing about the very danger I apprehended. A circumstance so extraordinary could not fail to be noticed by all.

It was thus that I was held in irresolution, while my troop was forming for the march.

At the last moment, thanks to the thoughtful Hollingsworth, a compromise offered. He suggested that I should send my advice in writing. In that I could be as explicit as I pleased, and bring before my proteges all the arguments I might be able to adduce—perhaps more successfully than if urged by a personal appeal.

My comrade's suggestion was adopted; and in haste, but with a fervor resulting from my fears, I penned the admonitory epistle. A trusty messenger was found in one of the *Ayankiesados*, who promised, as soon as the family should be stirring, to carry the letter to its destination.

With my heart somewhat relieved of its load, though still far from light, I gave the order to march. The bugle rang clear and loud, and its cheerful notes, as I sprang into the saddle, combined with the inspiration borrowed from my buoyant steed, produced a soothing effect upon my spirit.

CHAPTER LIII.

CAMP GOSSIP.

It was but a short-lived light—a passing gleam—and soon again fell the shadow, dark as ever. Strive as I might, I could not cast off the load that weighed upon my bosom; reason as I would, I could not account for its heaviness.

It was natural that a parting like ours should produce pain, and misgivings as to the future. My life was to be staked in the lottery of war; I might fall on the field of fight: I might perish by camp-pestilence—a foe that in the campaign kills more soldiers than sword or shot—the many perils of flood and field were before

me, and it was natural I should regard the future with a degree of doubtfulness. But it was not the contemplation of all these dangers that filled me with such a terrible foreboding. Strange to say, I had a forecast that I should survive them. It was almost conviction, yet it failed to comfort me. It comprehended not the safety of Isolina. No—but the contrary. Along with it came the presentiment, that we should never meet again.

Once or twice, as this dread feeling became most acute, I reined up my horse, half resolved to gallop back; but again the wild idea passed from me, and I continued irresolutely on.

Something of prudence, too, now restrained me from returning: it would no longer have been safe to go back to the rancheria. As we issued from the plazza, we could hear distinct jeering, and cries of "*Mueran los Tejanos!*" It was with difficulty I could restrain the rangers from turning to take vengeance. One, the worse for *mezcal*, had loitered behind, under the influence of the drink, fancying himself secure. Him the *pelados* had "bonnetted," and otherwise maltreated. They would have murdered him outright, but that some of them, more prudent than their fellows, had counselled the mob to let him go—alleging that the Tejanos were yet "too near, and might come back."

Again I had strife with my men: they would have returned and fired the place, had I permitted them. Fortunately, he who had been ill treated was a good-for-nothing fellow—scarcely worth the sympathy of his comrades—and I was well satisfied at his having received a lesson. It might be useful, and was much needed, for "straggling" was one of the rangers' crimes most difficult to cure.

Along the road, we saw signs of a guerrilla. Shots were fired at us from a hill; but a party sent to the place encountered no one. Horse-tracks were observed, and once a brace of mounted men were seen galloping away over a distant slope. It might be the band of Ijurra, and doubtless it was so; but we fancied at the time that Canales himself was near; and as an encounter with his large and well-organized force would be a very different affair from a skirmish with the other, we felt the necessity of advancing with caution.

The prospect of a "fight" with that noted partisan created quite an excitement in the ranks. To have captured Canales—the "Chapparal Fox," as the Texans termed him—or to have made conquest of his band, would have been esteemed a feat of grand consequence—only inferior in importance to a pitched battle, or the taking of "Game-leg" (Santa Anna) himself.

I confess that to me the idea of measuring strength with the famed guerillero was at that moment rife with charms; and the excitement derived from the hope of meeting him, for a while abstracted my mind from its painful bodings.

But we reached the town without seeing aught of the Chapparal Fox. It was not likely that he was on that road; or if so, he took care not to show himself. Canales fought not for glory alone, and the rangers were not the foes he cared to encounter. Rich baggage-trains were the game he was used to hunt, and our solitary "company-wagon," filled with frying-pans, camp kettles, sick soldiers, and tattered blankets—half alive with those charming little insects of the general *pulex* and *pediculus*—had no attractions for the gallant guerillero.

On reaching the town, we were surprised to find that the division had not yet moved. It was to have marched on that morning, but a countermand had arrived from head-quarters, delaying the movement for some days—perhaps a week.

This was rare news to me; and as soon as I heard it, my mind became occupied with projects and anticipations of a pleasant nature. I had hoped that we would be sent back to the rancheria, but alas! no—our orders were to remain with the division.

As every available building was occupied by troops, the rangers, as usual, were treated as "outsiders," and compelled to take to the grass. Half a mile from the town, a spot was shown us for our camp. It was on the banks of a pretty rivulet; and there, having picketed our steeds, stretched our canvas to the sun, and washed the dust from our faces, we made ourselves at home.

I did not remain long by the camp. As soon as our tents were fairly pitched, I left them, and walked back into the town—partly to get more definite information as to the future movements of the army, and partly with the design of indulging a little in the social feeling. I had some old comrades among the different regiments of the division; and after such a long spell of rustication, I was not indisposed to refresh my spirit by the renewal of former fellowships.

At head-quarters, I learned definitely that we should not march for a week at the least. So far good; and after hearing this, I proceeded to the *fonda*, the rendezvous of all the jovial spirits of the army. Here I encountered the friends of whom I was in search; and for a short while I found respite from the thoughts that had been harrowing me.

I soon gathered the current "camp gossip," and learned who were the "newspaper heroes" of the hour; over many of whose names my friends and I could not restrain either our satire or laughter. It appeared that the men of deeds were scarcely known beyond the limits of the army itself, while others, who in the field of battle had actually played the poltroon, had at home become household words in the mouths of the people. One general, whom I myself saw hiding in a ditch during the rage of battle, was the theme of speech, sentiment, and song. The newspapers were filled with praises, and the windows with pictures of a "gallant dragoon officer," who had somehow obtained the credit of capturing a battery. My rangers cried "Bah!" when I told them this. They themselves were the men who had first galloped over those Mexican guns!

"Keeping an editor in pay," was a standing sarcasm applicable to more than one of our generals; and the "army correspondent" taking the advantage of this prurience for fame, lived well, and swaggered in proportional importance.

Ah, glory! what sacrifices men make for thee upon the shrine of conscience! For my part, I do not think I could feel happy under the credit of deed I had not performed. Surely the consciousness of having done a deed is of itself a sufficient reward? He is but an unhappy hero who is not a hero to himself!

Pleasanter gossip I heard about the relations existing between our troops and the people of the town. Many of the inhabitants had grown quite *Ayankieado*, in consequence of our excellent behavior towards them. Our conduct was compared with that which they had lately experienced at the hands of their own army. The latter is in the habit of seizing property at pleasure, on pretence of using it for the defence of the state. We, on the contrary, pay for everything—round prices, too—in bright American dollars. The ricos and merchants prefer this system, and would have no objections to making it permanent. Outrages are few on the part of our soldiery, and severely punished by the general. Our enemies contrast the modest bearing of the American soldier with the conceited strut and insolent swagger of their own gold-bedizened *militarios*, who are wont on all occasions to "take the wall" of them. It is only outside the lines, between stragglers and leperos, that the retaliation system is carried on so fiercely. Within the walls, everything is order, with a mildness too rare under martial law. Private property is strictly regarded, and private dwellings are not occupied by our troops. Even the officers are not billeted in private houses; and many of them have to make shift in rather uncomfortable quarters, while most of the soldiers live under canvas. This state of things is scarcely satisfactory to the troops; and some grumbling is heard. There is no complaint, however, from the Mexicans, who seem rather astonished at so much forbearance on the part of their conquerors.

I doubt whether, in the whole history of war, can be found a conquest characterized by equal mildness and humanity, as is the "Second Conquest of Mexico."

It is principally for this reason the people have grown so well affected towards us. But there is another, perhaps, not less potent. From the extensive operations we are now about to undertake, they see that we mean war in earnest; and the belief has become general, that a large "annexation" will follow; that perhaps the whole valley of the Rio Grande will become American territory. It is but human nature in them to do homage to the rising sun.

The ricos are better disposed towards us than the common people; but this enigma is easily explained. The latter are more *patriotic*—that is, more ready to fight for native tyranny, than accept freedom from a foreign land. 'Tis so in all lands.

The *familias principales* of Mexico have good reasons for being friendly to us. They have a stake to lose, which, under their own government, has been ill guarded for them. No wonder they should desire to come under the broad protecting wings of the northern eagle. * * *

I found that another species of "annexation" had been going on during my absence. One of our officers had become annexed to a wealthy senorita of the place, and the marriage-ceremony had been performed with great pomp and splendor. Another was talked of as being *fiance;* and it was expected that the example would find numerous imitators.

I need not say that I was much interested by these *novedades*, and I returned with lighter heart to the camp.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE RUINED RANCHO.

The pleasant excitement caused by my visit to my old comrades was soon over; and having nothing to do but lounge about my tent, I became again the victim of the same painful bodings. I could not shake them off.

Subtle and mysterious is the spirit-world within us; certainly does it seem to have prescience of the future. Is it an electric chain connecting what is, with what is to be? Or is it the second sight of instinct? Certainly there are times when something within whispers a warning, as, in the physical world, God's wild creatures are warned from without of the earthquake and the storm. How often do we experience the realization of portentous dreams? Why should not the waking soul have also its moments of clairvoyance?

As I lay stretched upon my leathern *catre*, I gave way to such reflections. I soon succeeded in reasoning myself into a full belief in foreknowledge; and my apprehensions were proportionately strengthened. But I had conceived a design, and the prospect of putting it in execution somewhat relieved me from the heariness I had hitherto felt.

My new project was to take a score of my best men, to ride back the road we had come, place the party in ambush near the hacienda, while I alone should enter the house, and further urge the counsels I had committed to writing. If I should find that these had been already followed, so much the better—I should be assured, and return content; but I felt almost certain that Don Ramon had rejected them. At all events, I was determined to know the truth—determined, moreover, to gratify my longing for one more interview with my beloved.

I had warned the men and fixed the hour—as soon as it was dark enough to conceal our departure from the camp.

I had two reasons for not starting earlier—first, because I did not wish this *private scouting* to be known at head-quarters. It is true that in such matters we rangers had the advantage of regular troops. Though belonging to the division, our duty was usually detached from it, and we were rarely "missed" when absent. There was thus a sort of pleasant independence in my command, which I for one fully appreciated. For all that, I did not desire the whole world to know of an expedition like the one projected.

My second motive for going in the night was simple prudence. I dared not take the whole of my command along with me without permission from above. The absence of the corps without leave would certainly be noticed, even were it but for a few hours; and with the smaller party I intended to take, caution would be requisite. Should we move along the road before it was deserted, some swift messenger might carry the tidings *en avant*, and get us into trouble.

I designed to start at the earliest hour of darkness, so that I might not alarm the haciends by a midnight visit. An hour and a half of constant riding would bring me to its gate.

* * * * *

At the last moment of twilight we were in our saddles; and rode silently into the chapparal that skirted our camp. After filing for some distance through a narrow path, we debouched upon the up-river road—the same that conducted to the rancheria.

The trappers, Rube and Garey, acting as scouts, went forward in the advance. They were on foot—their horses remaining behind with the party.

It was a mode of march I had adopted after some experience in bush-fighting. The scouts of a marching force should always go on foot, whether the main body be dragoons or infantry. In this manner they can take advantage of the ground; and by keeping under cover of the timber, are enabled to reconnoitre the angles of the road in a much safer way than when on horseback. The great danger to a scout—and consequently to the party for which he is acting—lies in his being *first* seen, and the risk is greater when he is mounted. The horse cannot be drawn under cover without an effort; and the sound of the hoof may be heard; whereas in nine cases out of ten, a man on foot—that is, such a man as either Rube Rawlings or Bill Garey—will discover the enemy before he is himself seen, or any ambuscade can be attempted. Of course the scout should never advance beyond the possibility of retreating upon the party he is guiding.

With full confidence in the men who had been sent forward, we rode on, timing our pace, so as not to overtake them. Now and then we caught a glimpse of them, at the further end of a long stretch, skirting the bushes, or stooping behind the cover, to reconnoitre the road in advance. To our chagrin, it was clear moonlight, and we could distinguish their forms at a great distance. We should much have preferred a darker night.

The road we were travelling upon was entirely without habitations; most of it ran through light chapparal forest, with neither clearing nor homestead. One solitary *rancho* stood at about equal distances between the town and the rancheria; and was known among the rangers by the familiar sobriquet of the "half-way house." It was a poor hovel of yucca, with a small patch around that had once grown yams, chile-pepper, and a stock of maize for whoever had inhabited it; but its occupants had long since disappeared—the prowling soldier robber from the camp had paid it many a visit, and its household gods lay broken upon the earth. The *tortilla* stone and *comal*, red earthen ollas, calabash cups, bedsteads and benches of the *cana vaquera*, a whirligig spindle, an old stringless *jarana* or bandolon, with other like effects, lay in fragments upon the floor. Mingling with these were cheap colored wood-prints, of saints and Saviour, that had been dragged from the walls, and with the torn leaves of an old Spanish *misa*, trampled in dust and dishonor.

I paint this tableau of ruin, not that it was in any way connected with the events of our narrative, but that it had strangely affected me. On the day before, as we rode past, I had halted a moment by the little rancho, and contemplated the scene with a feeling of melancholy that amounted almost to sadness. Little thought I that a still sadder spectacle awaited me in that same spot.

We had approached within less than half a mile of the rancho, when a strange medley of sounds reached our ears. Human voices they were, and borne upon the light breeze we could distinguish them to be the voices of women. Occasionally harsher tones were heard mingling in the murmur, but most of them had the soft, rich intonation that distinguishes the female voice.

We all drew bridle and listened. The sounds continued in the same confused chorus, but there was neither song nor joy in the accents. On the contrary, the night-wind carried upon its wings the voices of "lamentation and wailing."

"There are women in trouble," remarked one of my followers in a loud, suggestive tone.

The remark caused all of us simultaneously to ply the spur, and ride forward.

Before we had galloped a dozen lengths, a man appeared coming from the opposite direction, and advancing rapidly up the middle of the road. We saw it was the scout Garey; and, once more reining up, we awaited his approach.

I was at the head of the little troop, and as the trapper drew near, I could see his face full under the light of the moon. Its expression was ominous of evil tidings.

He spoke not until he had laid his hand upon the pommel of my saddle, and then only in a subdued and saddened tone. His words were:

"Thar's ugly news, capt'n."

Oh that terrible foreboding!

"News?—ill news?" I stammered out; "what, for Heaven's sake?—speak, Garey!"

"They've been playin' the devil at the rancherie. Them ruffins hez behaved wuss than Injuns would a done. But come forrard, capt'n, an see for yurself. The weemen are clost by hyar at the shanty. Rube's a tryin' to pacify them, poor critters."

Oh that terrible foreboding!

I made no response to Garey's last speech, but rode forward as fast as my horse could carry me.

A brace of minutes brought me up to the rancho, and there I beheld a spectacle that caused the blood to curdle in my veins.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ RURAL SIMPLICITY.—A little girl of six years of age, on a visit to the city, and fresh from the woods and wilds, was one day asked by her aunt—"How she liked the country?" "Oh! ma'am," replied the girl, looking her questioner full in the face. "Oh! ma'am, I'd like the country very well if it was only in the city."

FAME is folly: for it surely is
Far more to be well known of God than man

☞ It is said, that when the cars upon one of the Pennsylvania Railroads were at full speed a few days ago, a flock of pigeons, in an attempt to fly across the track, were overtaken, caught under the furnace, and in five minutes were handsomely cooked. The next day a cow was caught and cooked in the same manner. If the locomotive will only put on a little more steam, perhaps she can daily catch and cook poultry and cattle enough to furnish dinners for the passengers.

ROADS AND WALKS IN PLEASURE GROUNDS.

These are a great convenience and embellishment to every well-ordered country place. A house, fine as it may be, is not complete without an ample, well-made approach road. Lawns, trees and shrubs are not complete without walks winding among them, rendering every part easy of approach. As every good road or railway constructed through a new country adds to its value by making it easy of access, so, and for the same reason, do good walks add to the value of one's premises. Pleasure grounds are generally most enjoyable at morning and evening and after showers; at such times, therefore, dry and smooth walks are particularly desirable.

In laying out one's grounds, it is no easy task to make a good disposition of the roads and walks. One thing, however, is plain, that the entrance should not be directly in front of the house, and lead in a straight line to the front door. If, for any reason, the entrance gate must stand flatly before the house, let it be concealed by shrubbery, and let the road, as soon as it enters the grounds, sweep aside a little, in an easy curve, before it reaches its termination at the house-door. It is a better arrangement to have the gate a little one side of the middle of the residence, and to conduct the road through the premises in an easy, flowing line, not needlessly prolonged, however, to the house. From this point the carriage-drive will pass around to the stable in the rear of the premises. In some cases there will be a demand for another and more private road, for teams to bring in wood, hay, manure, coal, &c. This should enter at some other point in the grounds, and lead in a straight line from the highway to the stable and other out-houses; and it should be concealed by a hedge or other masses of trees and shrubs. Ordinarily, there will be no need of other roads in one's grounds.

The number and length of the walks must be determined partly by the size of the premises, and partly by the length of one's purse. If they are so numerous as to be continually in sight of each other, they look puerile in themselves, and they give a place a narrow and petty appearance. They are somewhat expensive, also, to construct and to keep in repair. And no walk should be made unless it can be kept in perfect order. The particular features of each place will indicate where walks should be laid out. Of course there should be one from the entrance gate to the house. In some cases, this may be one and the same with the carriage road; but where the distance is not too great, it had better be separate, as it can be kept smoother and neater than a road travelled over by horses. If there is a summer-house in the grounds, or a rustic seat under some spreading tree commanding a prospect, or an ornamental vase or sun-dial, or grotto or separate flower garden, or other objects of interest, walks may be laid out to any or all of these; but none should be made without some apparent object in view. Walks should conduct, also, to the rear of the premises and to the kitchen garden.

The manner of constructing such roads and walks is a subject of considerable importance. Carriage roads should not be less than ten feet wide; walks may vary from two to sixteen, according to the size of the grounds. Carriage roads and the main walks should be formed in a durable manner. An excellent mode is, to excavate the earth a foot in depth, cover the bottom of the cavity with large cobble-stones; then put on a layer of smaller stones and coarse gravel, ramming down the whole firmly as the work proceeds, and cover the top with a coating of fine gravel. Rake off the coarser parts, and roll with a heavy roller. The surface, when finished, should be level with the surrounding ground, and should be slightly rounded in the middle, to turn off the water on each side. It is recommended by some to use flat stones, six inches thick, for the foundation, instead of cobbles, as the latter sometimes get loosened under a heavy load or the stamping of horses, and rise to the surface. Very clean gravel is not so desirable as that which has a little sand or clayey loam mixed with it. Pure gravel cannot be made into a smooth and compact surface; it needs a little soil to bind it. Roads and walks made as above mentioned will furnish a dry footing in all weather; they will need few repairs, and seldom be infested with weeds.

But it would be expensive and laborious to make all the walks in one's premises in this careful manner. For the minor walks it will answer to take off the top soil three or four inches deep, round off the surface, lay on a coating of coal ashes, and cover this with gravel. Pleasant walks are sometimes made by first securing a smooth sward on the line intended for walks, and then mowing the grass very short every few days. The proprietor keeps on hand a lot of rubbers of all sizes for the use of pedestrians, preferring this to the trouble and expense of keeping gravel walks in order. Such walks are pleasant, to say the least, in the middle of a summer's day, when the overshoes can be dispensed with.

A hard, dry walk, and one impervious to weeds, it is said, can be made by using coal-tar, mixed with sand and ashes. The method is this: First, give the walk its proper shape, and beat it smooth. Then mix a given quantity of dry road sand and half as much sifted ashes. Spread this on a dry place, as the mason does his sand and lime, and pour over it coal-tar boiling hot, mixing the whole with a shovel, and then spread it on the walk three or four inches thick. Powder it all over with dry and rather coarse sand, after which a few turns of the roller will press it level. Leave it for a few days to harden, after which the walk is fit for use, and will last many years. This work must be done on a very dry day. So say the books; but we hear it whispered that this fine, hard surface is soon broken up by the frosts of winter.

Gravel walks on hilly ground should have frequent, small outlets at the side for carrying off the water into concealed drains at the sides. The surface should be well rounded, so as to shed the water rapidly, before it has time to rut the gravel.—A. D. G., *in Country Gentleman.*

☞ It has been suggested that the culture of hemp be tried in the south. An editor, remarking upon the subject, says that he knows all about cotton and rice, but doesn't understand hemp at all. Perhaps he may yet get the hang of it.

VALUE OF THE SUNFLOWER.

The observation and remarks of Lieutenant Maury in regard to the sunflower being a preventive of fever and ague, if cultivated in malarious districts, seems to have roused up quite an affection for that coarse, jolly-faced, honest, old-fashioned flower. We are glad of it; we always liked the hearty, uncouth beauty of the sunflower, and if it shall prove as Lieutenant Maury says it will—a protector of the health of those in fever and ague climates who may cultivate it, there will be an additional claim on it for its utilitarian qualities.

We have formerly taken some pains to enumerate the many good qualities of the sunflower. The above *anti-ague* property is a new one, and we will here name a good use which we have heard made of it. A friend told us that while travelling over one of the western prairies, he stopped at the house of a settler, situate alone by itself, no neighbor being in sight. He called for some food. It was the house of a settler just beginning, and there were no women as yet there. The man said he would prepare a meal for him, and soon filled his tea-kettle and placed it on the stove. But how are you to heat it? said the guest; I see neither coal nor wood here. I will show you, said his host, and going up stairs brought down a large sunflower, its disk covered with seed, with a match to set it on fire, and placing it under the kettle it soon set it to boiling, and a nice cup of tea was soon smoking by him. We do not see but that the sunflower will become a cherished crop in the South and West. While growing it will ward off disease. Its leaves make good fodder for cattle, and also excellent cigars for smoking. The stalk, as also the seed cap, are good for fuel. The seeds are excellent for fowls, and will also afford a pure oil. In short, the good old sunflower will become a great source of health and comfort to those who give it a chance to grow.

It is not supposed that there is any specific virtue in the sunflower, to ward off disease arising from miasma in the atmosphere. This property, if it is really in it, is owing to its large and abundant foliage. Its growth is rapid, and its large leaves, like other leaves, drink in the air with all its impurities, and by their action convert noxious, different elements, to their own use, and return the pure oxygen again to the air, for the use of the animal kingdom.

Next to the sunflower, we should think the artichoke would be useful for this purpose. Although the leaves are not so large as the sunflower's, they will grow thicker and have the advantage of being a permanent crop, continuing for years after being planted, and therefore not needing a new seeding every spring.—*Maine Farmer.*

THE LAWYER AND THE JOCKEY.—Some one of the Boston Evening Transcript's corps of reminiscencers, has been telling some anecdotes about members of the Massachusetts bar, and among them we find this good one:—

A jockey having once consulted Harrison Gray Otis in a horse case, the latter sent him a bill of twenty dollars for advice. The client expostulated, but Mr. Otis explained to him so fully and so blandly the reason of such a charge—how he had spent years and years in study, and thousands on thousands on fitting himself to advise in such matters, that the jockey was obliged to capitulate and pay the bill. Not long afterwards Mr. Otis was standing in the street, examining a horse that he thought of purchasing, and seeing his client passing, called him up and asked him what he thought of the animal. The jockey set his hat aslant, examined him on all sides, pronounced his opinion on him dogmatically, and then held out his hand for a fee. It was Mr. Otis's turn now to expostulate, but it was all in vain; our jockey recounted to him at what cost of time and money he had fitted himself for judging horseflesh, and ended by saying: "Come, come, Mr. Otis, professional men must be paid; my charge is only twenty dollars." Mr. Otis appreciated the joke, and paid the bill.

THE PRIDE OF BIRTH AND THE DIGNITY OF LEARNING.—Being called to visit the Marchioness of Mondejar, the wife of the Viceroy of Valencia, the celebrated Dr. Collado felt her pulse at his first interview, while standing by the side of her bed. Following him to the door, one of the attendants told him that the physicians of Castile were accustomed to feel his mistress's pulse on their knees. "But I am Collado," was the answer, "and I kneel only to God. The dignity of talent and learning was here, at least, able to cope with the arrogance of the meanly great, and the physician declined to renew his visits, till they were repeatedly entreated, with the promise that he should be offered a chair.—*Edinburgh Medical Journal.*

☞ Many a man has rashness enough to do wrong, who has not courage enough to confess it.

☞ In manly hours, we feel that duty is our place.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER, No. 109 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.
U S 6 pr ct		
" "	'62 113	—
" "	'67 114½	—
" "	'68 114½	—
" "	'85 108	—
Phila 6 pr ct	87½	88½
" " new	93½	95
" 5 "	—	—
Cam City 6 pr ct	90	95
Penn 5 pr ct	72	75
" coupon	74½	75
All'gy city 6 pr ct	93½	95
" " comply	60	65½
Alle co RR 6's	65	75
Penn " 5 "	82½	83½
" " coupon	86	87
Penn 6 pr ct	87	88
" 5 " coupon	76½	77
Kentucky 6 pr ct	101	103½
Penn R R 6 pr ct	95	97
Sch nav'n coup '53	83	85
C & Amb RR 6 pr ct	76	78½
P G & N RR "	92	92½
Reading RR "	78½	79
" " m'rt	84½	86
H & Lan RR "	87	88
P & S RR "	4	5
Che Val RR "	58	59½
Texas RR "	75	80
Phil Wil & Bal		
con RR 6 pr ct	86½	87
Long I RR "	69½	70
Sch Nav '82 "	66½	67
Lehigh Nav "	82½	82½
Morr "	92	95
C & D Ca "	72	73
Sus & Tide '70"	69½	61
Union Canal	59	59½
Phil Wil & Balto		
RR 6 pr ct 3 pr ct	86	90½
20 " 7 pr ct	42½	44
Catawissa "	50½	56½
North Penna 6 pr ct	57	59
RAILROAD STOCK.		
Cam & Amboy	112½	113
Penna	45½	46
Ben Meadows	84½	85
North Penna	10½	11½
Phil Ger & Nor	60½	61
Reading	32	33½
" preferred	44½	50
Minehill	60	61
Har & Lan	55½	56
Chester Val	4½	5
Tioga	12	—
" preferred	25½	—
P W & Balt	21	21½
Long Island	10½	11
Wil'sport & Elmira	21½	21½
Catawissa	12½	13
CANAL STOCKS.		
Sch Nav	13½	15
" preferred	—	24
Lehigh Nav	59½	60
Morris	54	54½
" preferred	95	96
C & Del	66	70
Union	10½	10½
Sus & Tidewater	5	6
BANK STOCKS.		
North Amer	128	130
Penna	112½	113½
Phila	119½	119
Far & Mec	63½	64½
Commercial	50	51
N Liberty	56	61
Mechanics	18	20½
Southwark	75	80
P Township	37½	39
Kensington	68	70
Guard	10½	11
Western	67	67½
Man & Mech	—	30
Commerce	66	68
Tradesman's	95	—
City	51½	52
Consolidation	27	29
Pittsburg	—	—
M & M Pitts	90	—
Ke'go Pitts	97	—
Kentucky	114	115
Northern, Ky	119	121
Louisville, Ky,	112	113½
Farmers, Ky,	112	113
Union, Nash Tenn	105	110
Plant's, Tenn,	108	109
Exch & R Virg	7½	7
N O Gas Lt	130	132

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The Flour market has been in a very quiet state during the past week, and notwithstanding the limited supplies coming forward, and light stocks offering, prices have been rather weak, and at the close favored buyers. The export demand has been limited, and only 1500 bbls were disposed of at $4 75 @ barrel for standard and wood brands; $5 12½@5 for Extra, and $5 @5 25 for Extra Family. There has been a steady demand for home consumption, within the range of the above quotations, and factory lots from $4 37½ to $4 75. Rye Flour is dull at $5. 1000 barrels Pennsylvania Corn Meal sold at $4 @ barrel.

GRAIN.—The receipts of Wheat have been light, but the demand has been confined to small lots for the supply of the city millers, and prices are unchanged. Sales of 8000 bushels Pennsylvania and Southern at $1 30@$1 35 @ bushel for good and prime red, and $1 40@$1 45 for white. Rye has declined 5c @ bushel, and 2000 bushels sold at $1 10. Corn has been somewhat unsettled. Sales of 30,000@35,000 bushels yellow at 93@96c in store, and 90@92c afloat, closing at the latter price.

PROVISIONS.—There has been very little doing in any description, in consequence of the light receipts and stocks and the stringent rates demanded by holders. Sales of Western Mess Pork at $24 75. 60 and 90 days, and small lots of Prime at $21. City packed Mess Beef sells for shipping at $18@20, cash. Bacon has been in fair request, partly for another market, and for Sides and Shoulders prices are firm at the late advance. Sales of 300 casks Hams at 12@14c for plain and fancy canvassed; Sides at 13½c, and Shoulders at 11@11½c @ lb, 60 days. The stock of bulk Meats is reduced to a very low figure. We quote Hams at 11@12c; Sides at 12½c; and Shoulders at 10@10½c. Lard.—There is very little coming forward, and little offering. Sales of bbls at 15@15½c, and kegs at 16c @ lb, short time. A lot of country sold at 14c. Butter.—There is a steady demand for Roll at 18@20c @ lb, 60 days. Solid packed meets a very limited inquiry at 14@16c. A sale of New York Cheese at 12½.

BARK.—There is a good demand for Quercitron Bark, but the market is nearly bare of the article. Sales of 50 hhds No 1, part at $35@36 @ ton, and some on terms not made public, but at a higher figure. A lot of Spanish Oak sold at $18 @ cord.

BEESWAX.—Is held firmly at 30c @ lb, cash, for good Yellow, at which small sales have been effected.

CANDLES.—Prices are unchanged. Small sales of Adamantine at 20c, and Sperm at 42c @ lb, on time.

COAL.—There has been more doing. There is a moderate inquiry for shipment at our last quotations, and the receipts continue liberal from both the Schuylkill and Lehigh regions. The business for the week is very dull at 17c @ bush.

COPPER.—The market continues quiet, and nominally dull, but holds a manifest an disposition to accept lower prices. Sales of 600 bags Rio at 10½@10¾c, and a small lot of Java at 15½c @ lb, on time.

COPPER.—In the absence of sales we quote English Sheathing at 24c, and Yellow Metal at 26c @ lb, 6 mos.

COTTON.—The receipts are light, and the stock comparatively light. The market continues firm but quiet, the manufacturers purchasing sparingly to supply immediate wants. Sales of 300 bales, chiefly Uplands, at 12½@13c @ lb, on time for low grades and middling fair quality.

DRUGS AND DYES.—Have been very quiet. A cargo of Logwood, and an invoice of crude Brimstone, to arrive, sold on terms not made public. Small sales of Soda Ash at 2½@2¾c; Sal Soda at 2½c, and Bleaching Powders at 2½ @ 3c, 6 months.

FEATHERS.—The demand has been quite limited. Small sales at 52½@55c @ lb, on time.

FISH.—The receipts of Mackerel have been small, but the demand has fallen off, and the only transactions reported are in retail lots from store at $14 @ bbl for medium No. 1's; $12,50@13 for No. 2's, and $10,50@11 for No. 3's, but the market is about here of the latter. Prices of Codfish and Herring remain as last quoted.

FRUIT.—The market is well supplied with Oranges and Lemons. Sales of the former have been made to some extent at $1@3 @ box, as in quality, and the latter at $2@2 25. Raisins are very scarce. In Domestic Fruit the transactions have been unimportant—partly owing to the want of stock.

GINSENG.—Is not inquired after. The last sale of Crude was at 40c @ lb.

GUANO.—The demand has been limited. Sales of Peruvian at 45@50, and Super Phosphate of Lime at 45 @ ton, cash.

HEMP.—Has been very quiet. A sale of 30 bales Western dressed was made on terms kept secret.

HIDES.—There have been no arrivals or sales this week.

HOPS.—Prices are nominal, but the demand is quite limited. Small sales of new crop Eastern and Western from 8 to 12c @ lb.

INDIGO.—The demand has been limited, but prices are fair for all descriptions. Sales 25 chests Bengal at $1,72@$1 45, 6 mos.

IRON.—The market presents no new feature. There is very little demand for pig metal, and the sales are confined to small lots from store at $23@$26, and $28 ton for the three numbers. Scotch pig is scarce. Blooms are from $75 to $82, 6 months, as to quality. Bar and boiler iron sells slowly at our last quotations.

LEAD.—There is very little stock here to operate in. A sale of 100 packages Virginia was made at 6½c @ lb, cash.

LEATHER.—Continues dull, and the stocks are accumulating, but prices continue as last quoted.

LUMBER.—The supplies are moderate, and there is a fair inquiry for most descriptions. Sales of 10,000 feet Yellow Pine Sap Boards at $16@17 @ M feet. Laths sell at $1,50@2 M for Cedar, and $1,75 for Bangor.

MOLASSES.—The receipts have been light. The market continues exceedingly quiet, but there are no changes to notice. The only transaction reported is a lot of New Orleans at 45c, and Sugar House at 45c, on time.

NAVAL STORES.—Supplies come forward slowly, and there is very little doing. Small sales of Common Rosin at $1,75 @ bbl. Prices of Pitch and Tar are unchanged. The stock of Spirits of Turpentine is very much reduced, and prices are firm. Small sales at 35@35c, cash and on time.

OILS.—There is a steady demand for Linseed Oil, and prices are firm at 70@72c, cash. Prices of Fish Oils are unchanged. The demand for Lard Oil is limited, and prices are a shade lower. Sales of No 1 Winter at about $1,10@1,15, cash. Sperm Oil is held firmly, with sales of old previous to sale are at 72c, cash and short time.

PLASTER.—There is very little arriving. The last sale of soft was at $3 @ ton.

RICE.—There has been a fair demand, and the advance noted at the close of last week is well maintained. Sales of 400 tierces at 4½@5c @ lb, on time, for fine and prime quality.

SALT.—Prices are unchanged. An invoice of 5000 sacks, ground, has arrived to a dealer.

SEEDS.—But little doing in any description. Clover seed comes in slowly, and commands $7 @ 64 lbs, for fine lots. Prices of Timothy and Flaxseed continue as last quoted.

SPICES.—The sale has been only in small lots, without change in prices.

SPIRITS.—Prices of Brandy and Gin continue without change, but the demand has been limited. N. E. Rum continues to command 33@35c. Whiskey has been dull and prices have declined. Sales of barrels at 26@27c for Eastern and Ohio, 25c for hhds, and 24c for drudge.

SUGAR.—The inactivity noted in the market for some time past still continues, buyers and sellers being considerably apart in their views. Small sales of Cuba at 9½@10c @ lb, on time.

TALLOW.—Demand limited—sales at 10½@11½c @ lb, cash, for Country and City rendered.

TEAS.—There has been little enquiry, but prices are firm at the late advances.

TOBACCO.—The demand, both for Leaf and Manufactured, has been limited, but prices are firm. 200 cases Seed Leaf sold on private terms.

WOOL.—The market continues dull. There has been, as yet, very little of the new crop received, and but little activity is anticipated until there is some accumulation of stock. Sales of 35,000 lbs—part Jersey—at 26@45c @ lb, time.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY R. B. JONES, EXCHANGE HOTEL, No. 79 Dock Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		Whole carcass	5 @ 6
Roasting rib, @ lb	18 @25	*Veal.*	
Sirloin steak	16 @ —	Fore quarter @ lb	6
Rump do	12½@16	Hind do	11
Chuck pieces	8 @12½	Chop	12
Plates and navels		Cutlet	14
Corned	6 @10	Sweetbread, each	10
Tongues, fresh,	45 @55	*Pork.*	
Leg, each,	31½@37½	Young Pigs	@1 75 @2 50
Shin	2½ @ 3	Salt and fresh lb	12 @ 14
Kidney	8 @12½	Feet, @ set	18½ @ 25
Liver @ lb	8½	Tripe, @ lb	4 @ 6
Dried Beef @ lb	20	Lard do	13 @ 15
Lamb.		Hams, smoked	12½ @ 13
Fore quarter	75 @87½	Bologna Sausage	16 @ 20
Hind do	1 00 @1 12½	Fresh Sausage, lb	10 @ 15
Chop @ lb	8 @—	Puddings @ lb	10 @ 15
Calves Head, each	25 @31	Scrapple @ lb	5 @ 10
Mutton.		Spare Rib @ lb	10
Leg, Loin, Chp @ lb	8 @10	Tender Loin @ lb	10 @ 12
Breast and Neck	6½ @ 8	Hogaboo Cheese lb	10
Young Lamb, whole	$5,00		

VEGETABLES.

Turnips bkt	31 @ 40	Corn potatoes bu	1 20 @1 25
do bl pk	— @ 18	do bkt	37½ @ 50
Beets bunch	4 @ 5	do bl pk	6 @ 12
Cabbage bbl	2 00 @3 00	Sweet potat'e bkt	87 @1 00
do h'd	10 @ 25	do pk	18 @ 25
Salad head	8 @ 16	Onions bus	— @2 00
Pickles bkt	37½@ 50	Carrots doz	12½ @ 25
do bl pk	1 00 @2 00	Asparagus @ bunch	8 @ 12
Lima Beans qt	12½@ 15	Rhubarb @ bunch	6 @ 8
Green Peas bus	@1 00 @ —	Green Mint @ bunch	3 @ 5

FRUIT.

Apples @ bkt	62½@1 12½	Cranberries q

NEWS ITEMS.

TRANSFORMATION OF A CORPSE.—On removing the bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Railsback from the family burying place to a more convenient cemetery in the Donley settlement, four and a half miles south of Eaton, Ohio, the body of Mrs. R. was found to be converted to solid limestone, preserving a remarkable fulness and plumpness as of life. The weight of the body was estimated at about six hundred pounds.

SNAKES IN NEW YORK!—On Sunday, a little after 12 o'clock, a snake, three feet long, was seen in the gutter making his way up Duane street, past the corner of Hudson street. A physician who was passing at the time killed the reptile, to the great satisfaction of a crowd of some three hundred people. We have had mad dogs already, and now snakes! What next shall we expect if our streets are not cleansed?—*N. Y. Times.*

A JEWEL OF A CRITIC.—A Western paper says a "gentleman by the name of Thalberg" has been giving a concert out there, and that "he plays very well upon the piano!"

CORN HOARDERS.—The Abingdon Virginian says:—"Scarcity of food for both 'man and beast,' is general throughout this quarter of the globe. We learn from wagoners, who have been hauling goods into Russell, Scott and Lee, that it is almost impossible to procure grain to feed their teams. Notwithstanding this, there are individuals who have an abundance of corn to spare, but who are holding on to it with miser-like tenacity, in view of future want or a bigger price."

SILK WITHOUT THE SILK-WORM.—It is seriously asserted in the *Triester Zeitung*, that M. Cavezzali, of Lodi, has succeeded in procuring silk from mulberry leaves. The silkworm is henceforth to remain undisturbed in what Gibbon calls its "golden tomb;" and that may prove sober fact which Waller wrote as a flight of fancy—that "Without the worm, in Persian silks we shine."

CURIOUS TRANSPOSITION.—An English paper recently contained two paragraphs, in which, by the transposition of the first lines of both, the most ridiculous effects are produced. They were as follows:—

"Lieutenant Perry (of Windsor court-martial celebrity) has been translated into German, with a preface by Chevalier Bunsen, and 10,000 copies of it sold.

* * * * * * * *

"Mr Caird of Errol's sermon, preached before the Queen, has adopted the stage as his profession. He appeared in Melbourne as Dazzle, in 'London Assurance.'"

A MARE was recently cut in two by a locomotive. Strange to say, a colt was brought into the world by this strange Cesarean operation, which is expected to live and do well.

AT a recent large sale of Durham Cattle, at Mr. J. Gowen's, Mount Airy, near this city, the prices ranged from $35 to $300.

An inquest was recently held in England on the body of Joseph Morris, aged four years and a half, who met with his death by sucking the composition from lucifer matches.

LABOR AND EDUCATION.—A school has been opened at Whitneyville, Connecticut, to give young men a practical education. Connected with the school is a large factory, filled with machinery for the manufacture of toys. This branch has been selected as it comprises the largest variety of trades. Each pupil be required to devote five hours each day to the educational department, and five hours each day to the mechanical department, and to keep a day-book and ledger of his work and its results.

THE Hunterdon Republican reports the discovery of pearls in the streams near Flemington, Pa. One, the Republican says, measures one inch and three-eighths in circumference, is perfectly spherical, and has a beautiful lustre.

A CHEAP CONDUCTOR.—A lightning conductor, costing only $15, has twice been the means of saving a Portsmouth (New Hampshire) vessel from destruction when struck—once, when she had four hundred passengers on board, and again, when laden with a cargo worth about $500,000. Another ship, from the same port having no conductor, and being struck, was totally burnt, with a valuable cargo of cotton.

AN ENGLISH CHEMIST has been taking advantage of a recent trip to South America to collect and examine fire-flies, in order to get at the secret of their luminosity. The commonly received opinion in regard to the source of the light emitted by insects, is that it is due to the slow combustion of phosphorus, resembling that produced by gently rubbing a match with the fingers. Mr. Herapath denies this, however, he was unable, on the application of the most delicate tests, to detect the smallest trace of phosphorus in the bodies of these curious little creatures. His opinion is that the light is caused by the burning of a peculiar compound of carbon and hydrogen, forming a special gland.

A LAFAYETTE (Indiana) paper says that two amonds of the first water, one of the size of a small and the other that of a grain of wheat, was recently ken from an artesian well in the vicinity.

TWO SCOTCH WOMEN YOKED IN A PLOUGH.—ring last week a very unusual sight attracted the ention of the railway passengers while the trains ere passing through Hisbopton of Moss. It was that two females yoked in a plough, which was guided an ungallant mole, who held the stilts. The only ay of accounting for this eccentric proceed ng is the uggestion that the land, which is newly reclaimed, too light to admit of horses being employed.—*ecanock (Scotland) Advertiser.*

A BET was made recently between two farmers in France, about the speed of horses and oxen, ith the same load the same distance; the distance raveled was twenty-three kilometers, (about twelve iles); a four horse team was put to a wagon loaded ith about 10,000 pounds of beet root pulp. The oxen ere two yoke with the same load. The horses beat hem only seven minutes, and would themselves have een beaten had they not been the best in the country.

HOMŒOPATHY IN PARIS.—The Empress Eugenie has been under homœopathic treatment, and it is lieved that the possession of a prince to the throne of apoleon is due to the restoration to health of the Empress under homœopathic treatment. The Emperor, fter the recovery under homœopathic treatment of Marshal St. Arnaud, who subsequently fell at Alma, would have established a chair, a professorship of homœopathy, in the University of Paris, but the faculty, o a man, threatened resignation if it were done, and e the present the subject was postponed. The Emperor, however, has done justice to a homœopathic physician; he has done that as an Emperor which England's monarch cannot do without the consent of there—he has created Dr. Mabbit a knight of the Legion of Honor, as a reward of distinguished success in the treatment of cholera. The Moniteur, the organ of he French government, publishes the following statement of his cures, in comparison with those effected under allopathic treatment:—Treated homœopathically, 2,289; cured, 2,000; died, 170; per centage of deaths, 7½. Treated allopathically, 405,027; cured, 254,788; died, 210,239; per centage of deaths, 40.—*Homœopathic Record.*

A CAUSTIC NOBLEMAN.—The Earl of Orford, reply to an application made to him by the Secretary the Norwich (England) Bible Society, to take the hair at their meeting, writes as follows:—"Sir—I am surprised and annoyed at the contents of your letter—surprised, because my well known character should ve exempted me from such an application, and annoyed because it obliges me to have this communication with you. I have long been addicted to the gaming table nd have lately taken to the turf—I fear I frequently blaspheme—have never distributed religious tracts. All is was well known to you and your Society; notwithstanding which you think me a fit person for your resident. God forgive your hypocrisy! I would ther live in the land of sinners than with such saints. am, &c. (Signed,) ORFORD."

—*Dublin Freeman's Journal.*

FROM CALIFORNIA.—By the arrival at New rk of the U. S. mail steamship George Law, from inwall, we have news from California two weeks The steamer brings nearly two millions of dollin gold. The shooting of Col. Crabb and his in Sonora was causing great excitement in Cali- Tne mines were yielding well. The affairs the Isthmus were quiet. The New Grenada new ministration will not accede to the demands of the ted States. There is nothing new from Nicaragua.

THE INDIAN OUTRAGES.—Three of the four white women taken captive by the Indians at Spirit Lake, Iowa, have been recovered through friendly Indians. A letter written from St. Paul says:—The entire family of Miss Gardiner fell a prey before Miss G.'s own eyes, and then she was dragged away to the wigwam of the war chief of the red murderers and brutally violated. Immediately after committing the murders at Spirit Lake, the Indians, with their captives, started westward, and travelled for about one month, through a circuitous, rough route, unknown to any except the savages, and encamped at last at a place called Skunk Lake, west of the Big Sioux river, and about one hundred and fifty miles northwest of Spirit Lake, where the outrages were committed.

On the route the captives were subjected to the severest hardships and torture, being compelled to carry heavy packs of shot, and to perform the most degrading service by day, and submit to the most brutal outrages by night. For the first few days of their captivity they resisted their tormentors, but were beaten with clubs and threatened to be shot until they at last submitted, in the hope sooner to be rescued.

Mrs. Thatcher, who was in feeble health, was unable to carry the burdens imposed upon her, and when endeavoring to cross the Big Sioux river upon some trees which the Indians cut down, on both sides, to form a bridge, she, being very weak, lost her balance and fell into the river. She dropped her burden and succeeded in swimming almost to the shore, when an Indian deliberately aimed his rifle at her and shot her through the head, killing her instantly. The body was left to float down the current, which was reddened with her warm life-blood. This tragic scene was hailed by the Indian women (who seemed jealous of the presence of the white captives) with wild shouts of exultation.

UNIQUE LETTER FROM A WESTERN POST-MASTER.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Herald states that the following letter was received by the President a few days since, and for simplicity and unsophisticatedness, exceeds anything that has been received by this or any other Administration. Through the kindness of one of the Secretaries, he has been permitted to take a verbatim copy, leaving out, however, the Post-Office and the name of the individual:—

Crawford County, Missouri, April 30, 1857.

Mr. Buchanan—Dear Sir:—Mr. ——— is the Postmaster at this place, and he has gone out West, and has been gone at three or four weeks, and he has no deputy here, but I have been opening the mails and attending to it since he has been gone, as he left the key with me, and the Postmaster told me that I must make a report at the end of every month, and did not tell me who I was to write to, but I suppose it is to you we should make our reports, as we are all citizens of the Government of which you are now President.—If you are not the right one to receive the report, please drop me a few lines, letting me know who I am to report to, and I will write again.

Report at the end of April.—The weather is cold for the season—Provisions scarce and very high—But notwithstanding all that, we have regular mails once a week good health, and the people of this country are universally pleased with your administration; this is all I know that would interest you; if there is anything omitted in my report, please let me know. My best respects to you and Mrs. Buchanan.

SINGULAR EFFECTS OF ELECTRICITY.—A singular occurrence, says the Detroit Free Press, took place, a short time since, at the Locomotive Works, illustrating the powerful effects of electricity. A locomotive was being moved from the manufactory to the Central depot, and had arrived in the middle of the street, when suddenly all hands dropped the bars with which they were moving the machine, and fell back in amazement. Resuming them at the order of the man in charge, they applied them again to the wheels, and again fell back paralyzed the instant they touched the iron. The director of the job caught up one of the bars, and making a savage thrust, planted it under a wheel, preparatory to giving a huge lift. No sooner had it touched, however, than he saw it fall from his grasp to the ground, as it had done in every case before. Such singular occurrences excited attention, and an examination was made as to the cause, when it was found that the locomotive, in passing under the telegraph line, had come in contact with a broken wire that hung sufficiently low to reach it. The whole mass of iron comprising the locomotive had thus become charged with electricity, which had communicated itself to the bars that the men held in their hands, and caused the effect above described. The wire was then removed, and the difficulty obviated in a moment.

MONSTROUS SUPERSTITION.—We learn from a lengthy article in the Lancaster (Pa.) Express, that the remains of a young lady, who died of consumption nine years ago at Ephrata, in this State, were exhumed on Sunday last for a purpose so monstrous as almost to surpass belief. Since her death, her mother, two sisters and two brothers have died of the same disease. The surviving members of the family, who are "Spiritualists," became convinced that by some hocus-pocus the winding-sheet of the corpse had got into her mouth, and that by a continual suction (*the modus operandi* of which is only known to the spirits) she had actually drawn the other five members of the family after her; and that unless this winding sheet was speedily removed from the mouth of the corpse, she would, in like manner, cause the premature death of the whole connection!

A FRENCH STEAM PLOUGH.—A steam plough has just been brought into use in France, and is in possession of a company with a capital of a million of francs. It was constructed by two brothers named Barrat, and is called *le piocheuse* ("the pick-axer")—a machine which, from the description, may be supposed to do its duty with a series of revolving or descending mattocks. The machine is a locomotive, which carries itself over the soil, and digs it up to the depth of 15 to 20 centimetres. It has no resemblance to a plough, and the French journals say that it does its work better than any plough heretofore constructed.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 29 South Third Street.
PHILADELPHIA, June 19, 1857.

Pennsylvania.		**North Carolina.**	
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	½ to 1½ dis
Relief notes	¼ dis	Small notes	2 dis
Lancaster bk	50 dis	**Georgia.**	
Erie City bk	35 dis	Old bks	¾ dis
Bk of Newcastle	65 dis	New bks	2 to 5 dis
New Jersey.		Bk Columbus	no sale
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis	Bk of Milledgville	no sale
Morris bk Bridgeton	30 dis	Man & Mech bk Columbus	no sale
Wheat Grower's bk New-ark	30 dis	Planters' and Mech's bk, Dalton	no sale
Commercial Bk, Perth Amboy	failed	**South Carolina.**	
Delaware.		Solv bks	¼ dis
Solvent bks	par	**Alabama.**	
Under 5's	¼ dis	Bk of Mobile	1 dis
Maryland.		Other solv bks	½ dis
Valley bk Hagerstown	no sale	**Mississippi.**	
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis	All bks	uncertain
Far & Mec bk Kent co	1 dis	**Louisiana.**	
District of Columbia.		Solv bks	1 dis
Exchange bk	30 dis	**Ohio.**	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
New York.		Bk of Circleville	55 dis
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Canal bk	8 dis
6th Avenue bk	8 dis	**Kentucky.**	
Knickerbocker bk	14 dis	Solv bks	½ dis
Far bk Onondaga	25 dis	**Indiana.**	
Mer & Man bk Oswego	30 dis	New solvent bks	2 dis
Ex bk Buffalo	30 dis	State bk	1 dis
Empire City bk	14 dis	Shawnee bk, Attica,	no sale
Central bk	14 dis	Gramercy bk, Lafayette	"
Champlain bk	no sale	Other bks	5 to 80 dis
Maine.		**Illinois.**	
Solv bks	½ dis	Peoples bk, Carmi,	20 dis
Bk of Hallowell	25 dis	Rushville bk, Rushville,	20 dis
Ellsworth bk	50 dis	Solvent bks	5 dis
Maritime bk Bangor	15 dis	Agricultural bk	20 dis
Canton bk Soth China	no sale	Ex bk	20 dis
Exchange bk	no sale	Bk Commonwealth	20 dis
Hancock bk	25 dis	**Missouri.**	
New Hampshire.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	½ dis	**Tennessee.**	
Lancaster bk	closed	Bk of East Tenn	no sale
Exeter bk	failed	River Bank	no sale
Vermont.		Solv bks	2 dis
Solv bks	½ dis	Small notes	21 dis
South Royalton bk	2 dis	Central bk	no sale
Connecticut.		Farmers' and Mech's bk, Memphis	no sale
Solv bks	½ dis	New bks	2 to 5 dis
Massachusetts.		**Michigan.**	
Solv bks	½ dis	Solv bks	2 dis
Rhode Island.		**Arkansas.**	
Solv bks	½ dis	All bks	no sale
Bk Republic Providence	70 dis	**Wisconsin.**	
Canada.		Solv bks	2 dis
Solv bks	2 dis	**Texas.**	
Zimmerman	5 dis	Commercial & Agricultural bk Galveston	5 dis
Virginia.			
Solv bks	¼ to 1 dis		
Bk of Kanawha	10 dis		
Com'n Alexandria	2 dis		

☞ If we live truly we shall see truly.

☞ The circumference of the cable for the ocean telegraph is exactly equal to that of a half dime.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., N. Y. ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., New York. HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md. BURNHAM, FEDERIEN & Co., Boston, Mass. SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Connecticut. T. R. CALLENDER, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg. E. H. BENT, 63 West Fourth St., Cincinnati. McNALLY & CO., 71 Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois. A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky. HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn. ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa. E. SEMON, Richmond, Va. MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala. J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.

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THE COMET SEEN!—We learn that the comet has been seen. Professor Shweppenmacher has seen the celestial visitor through an elongated leadless tube of his own construction, and he asserts positively that the fiery caudal appendage of the stranger is at least as long again as half. This ain't true intelligence will not, we are confident, prevent sensible men from continuing to procure their garments at the splendid Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 605 (new style) Chestnut St., above Sixth, Philada.

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov28 if

ROOT GALLERY.—Sun-lit Cartoons, a new wonder, superior to Ambrotypes, taken by Cook only, corner of Fifth and Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. oct1 tf

ASTHMA.—This most disheartening complaint has been cured in many instances by the use of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. Surely any thing that will afford relief from this painful disease will be hailed as a real blessing.

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—A retired clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. John M. Dagnall, No. 59 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y. tf

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the evening of the 3d inst. by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. WILLIAM BALL, of this city, to Miss MARY GAULT, of Delaware county, Pa. Media papers please copy.

On the 9th instant, in Gloucester, by the Rev. Gardner Dean, Mr. CHARLES HERITAGE, of Camden, to Miss EMMA F. HILL, of Gloucester.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. John B. Dales, Mr. JOHN H. CEAM, to Miss CAROLINE F. MCKENNA, both of this city.

On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Cookman, Mr. SAMUEL T. TWOMEY, to Miss HANNAH A. HARRIS, all of Philadelphia.

On the 4th instant, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. WILLIAM G. LEEK, to Miss ANNA E. MICH, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Charles A. Bast, Mr. WILLIAM P. HANSELL, to Miss SARAH A. MYERS, both of Philadelphia.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. ISAAC WALLACE, to Miss EMMA B. CORNWELL, both of this city.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. G. Mitchell, Mr. JOHN S. ASHTON, of Beverly, N. J. to Miss MARY C. PARENO, of New York.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. R. Graham, Mr. ABNER M. BROWN, of Chester county, to Miss CAROLINE P. daughter of the late Sam'l. B. Coats, of Radnor, Delaware county.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. W. C. Corrow, Mr. WILLIAM KOCH, to Miss KATHARINA SEBASTIAN, both from Bremen, Germany.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Coleman, Mr. WILLIAM H. PAULDEN, to Miss LOUISA GREENWOOD, both of Philadelphia.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by responsible name.

On the morning of the 12th inst. GEORGE W. FLEMING. Ohio papers please copy.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH ANN, wife of E. J. Roach, aged 31 years.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. SUSAN CUNNINGHAM, aged 86.

On the 8th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE STAFFORD, aged 33 years.

On the 8th instant, EDWARD SUTTON, aged 22 years.

On the 8th instant, MARY ELIZABETH, daughter of W. and Caroline Gebhard, aged 10 years.

On the 7th instant, Miss MARGARET, daughter of John J. and Mary Tomlinson, aged 29 years.

On the 7th instant, Miss HANNAH C. daughter of Jonathan and Ann Jones, aged 17 years.

On the 7th instant, WILLIAM MARKS, of Liverpool, England, aged 29 years.

On the 8th instant, Mrs. BECLAH BUNGERFORD, aged 52 years.

On the 7th instant, JOHN F. son of John and Eliza Abel, aged 3 years.

On the 7th instant, MARGARET M. A. wife of Daniel J. O'Connor, aged 25 years.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE EVERHART, aged 34 years.

On the 7th instant, MARGARET JANE, daughter of Wm. H. and Ms. Jane Reimer, aged 21 years.

On the 31 instant, at Sherwood Forest, the seat of Ex-President John Tyler, in the county of Charles City, Va., Mrs. MARGARET BEEKMAN, daughter of the late Colonel David Gardiner, of East Hampton, Long Island.

On the 6th instant, GEORGE PITCH, aged 56 years.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. PHŒBE BROWN, aged 85 years.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. MARY RYAN, aged 54 years.

On the 8th instant, WM. CASSELBERRY, aged 87 years.

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MAKING THE WORKS GO.

In the days of fierce debate on the tariff, when Whigs and Democrats were separated by strict party lines, an Irishman who had just been naturalized, and was anxious to exercise his new right of suffrage, made his appearance before our present worthy city clerk, F. S. McCleary, Esq., and submitting his papers, expressed a desire that his name should be placed on the voting list. The new candidate for full honors was named James, and was accompanied by a companion called Patrick, a man that had been through the mill, and who had volunteered to initiate the former in the mysteries attending his becoming a citizen with the right to vote.

James looked at the chief with the utmost reverence, as he wrote out his name and placed it on the 12th Ward list, and when Mr. McCleary signified that there was no occasion for their remaining any longer, James still lingered, and once more asked permission to have a look at the list.

"You see, my good man, your name is on. There can be no mistake about it," said the clerk, slightly impatient, for he had considerable work to perform about that time.

Mr. McCleary placed his finger on the name, and called James' attention to it.

"Is that me name?" cried James, with a look of intense delight on his face.

"Certainly it is—can't you read it?"

"Whist, don't be impatient, young man, for it's meself that's had no edification neglected. And will ye spill me name for me?"

Mr. McCleary spelt, slowly and distinctly,—"J-a-m-e-s C-o-n-n-e-r."

James listened, with one eye closed and the other fixed upon the clerk's lips, as though determined not to lose the pronunciation of a single letter, and as the clerk concluded he drew a long sigh and said—

"And am I a voter, sure?"

"Yes."

"And the blackguards at the pools can't hinder me?"

"Of course not."

"Then glory to God, for it's a happy day to Jim Conner. Won't the ould woman feel proud to know that her young 'uns will be full-blooded 'Merican, and kin vote without bein' civilized! Whoop! long life to the country! Would ye be afther goin' out wid us and takin' a drop."

Mr. McCleary declined the invitation, and his visitor lingered around for a few minutes, as though anxious to have one more look at his name on the list, but thinking it would be too much trouble, he prepared to take his departure. Suddenly a new idea struck him, when seizing Patrick, his companion, by the shoulder, he drew him one side, and in a hoarse whisper, asked,

"Pat, ye divil, how shall ye vote at the 'lection?"

"Do you mind the iron works, at South Boston, Jamey?"

"Ah, begar it's meself that knows 'em full well, Pat."

"Well, Jamey, last year I hove the Dimicratic ticket, and the works have stopped. Throw the Whig ticket, Jamey, throw the Whig ticket, and the works will go again."

It is not recorded how James voted, but the works commenced operations shortly afterwards, and it may have been owing to his vote. —*Boston Herald.*

LOVE IN CHINA.

Meadows' History of the Chinese and their Rebellions, lately published in London, is the most philosophic work which has yet appeared on the Chinese. A chapter on love contains the following story:—

"A Chinese who had been deeply disappointed in marriage and had grievously suffered through women in many other ways—retired with his infant son to the peak of a mountain range in Kwelchoo, to a spot quite inaccessible to the little-footed Chinese women. He trained the boy to worship the gods, and stand up in awe and abhorrence of the devils, but never mentioned woman to him, and always descended the mountain alone to buy food. At length, however, the infirmities of age compelled him to take the young man with him to carry the heavy bag of rice. As they were leaving the market town together, the son evidently stopped short, and pointing to three approaching objects, cried—

"'Father, what are these things? Look! look! what are they?'

"The father answered, with a peremptory order—

"'Turn away your head, they are devils!'

"The son, in some alarm, turned away, noticing that the evil things were gazing at him from behind their fans. He walked to the mountain top in silence, ate no supper, and from that day lost his appetite, and was afflicted with melancholy. For some time his anxious and puzzled parent could get no satisfactory answer to his inquiries; but at length the young man burst out, crying with inexplicable pain—

"'Oh, father, that tallest devil—that tallest devil—father.'"

Anecdote of Dr. Cox.—When the celebrated Doctor was in Paris, he preached a temperance sermon in the French language to a numerous body of parishioners, and at the close of his animadversions, recommended his astonished hearers to eschew everything else but "the water of life." Of course, speaking in French, he used the phrase "*eau de vie*," which certainly means "water of life," but which is also the French term for *brandy!* Imagine the effect!

Captain Sphinx's Watch.—That was an immense watch which Captain Sphinx used to parade before the eyes of the humble—an immense watch—large as a dial, and weighing a pound. "My gracious," said one of its admirers, handling and hefting it, "if I'd a had that watch this morning, I could ha' killed a dog with it." Such a use for such a watch disgusted Sphinx.

☞ A carpenter's apprentice, too lazy to work, dodges it in this fashion: When he takes a notion, he bumps his nose against a post till it bleeds, and then sits down to have a resting spell.

THE SURPRISE AND DELIGHT OF THE BRITISH COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AT THE SUCCESS OF THE NEW STRAW STABLES AT ALDERSHOT, ENGLAND.

CLERICAL REMINISCENCES.

A clerical correspondent has communicated to the Boston Courier a series of entertaining articles, from one of which we select several droll anecdotes:—

A SALT'S WEDDING.

On a wedding occasion, when the waiter was handed round to a large company, it was first offered to the bridegroom, who was a noble-hearted Marblehead salt, somewhat advanced in years, but not much acquainted with fashionable life; taking the waiter, with all its contents, into his lap, and making use of one of his favorite phrases, he exclaimed—"My hody, mate, you have helped me bountifully!" After the ceremony, he inquired whether we could not have a tune, and on being asked what he would like to have sung, he replied: "What is the name of the town down east they used to call New Marblehead?" and on being asked if it were Wyndham, he answered—"Yes, Wyndham, that is a tune which always lifts me right up!" On being told that it was an excellent tune, but rather suited to a funeral than a wedding, he said, "I don't know 'bout that; but it always lifts me right up!" and to gratify the good old man, the tune was sung, and he was greatly pleased.

SLEEPING IN MEETING.

The Rev. Dr. P., of Medfield, once conversed with me on the subject of such scenes, which were sometimes embarrassing to clergymen, and mentioned several incidents within his experience which were interesting and amusing. He had a worthy old parishioner, who worked hard as a farmer during the warm weather, and was much troubled with drowsiness at church on the Sabbath. His seat there was at the head of the upper long bench, appropriated to aged people, next the broad aisle, and consequently almost directly under the pulpit. On one occasion, while the doctor was preaching, he could not keep his eyes off the good old man, who had adopted the singular expedient, for keeping himself awake, of taking a pin between his thumb and finger, and holding it in such a position, that if he nodded it would touch his nose. The preacher every moment expected the catastrophe to take place, as it speedily did. In consequence of a heavy and fatal nod, the pin entered the old gentleman's nose and remained projecting from it, while he sprang bewildered from his seat, and threw himself into the aisle, where his bobwig had fallen: this he recovered and placed upon his head wrong side before, and resumed his seat amidst the irrepressible laughter of the congregation. The doctor himself was compelled to turn his back on his audience to recover his self possession.

DOGS IN CHURCH.

At another time, he left his son, an incorrigible lad of fourteen, at home on the Sabbath, to take charge of a large and valuable mastiff that had acquired the habit of going to meeting and disturbing the congregation by mounting to the pulpit after his master. While the boy was thus situated, together with the dog, in his father's study, by way of amusement he tied a pair of white bands, that were on the study-table, round the dog's neck and gave him his liberty! He immediately wended his way, of course, towards the church, which he entered during the long prayer, ascended the pulpit stairs, placed his paws on the door of entrance, and fixed his eyes upon his master. The doctor, who was a large and powerful man, conscious of what was going on, put his hand upon the mastiff's head and endeavored to force him away; being unsuccessful, he repeated the effort, putting forth more strength, when, *horribile dictu!* he upset the intruder, and he fell most disastrously upon the deacon's head!

A third incident which he related was that of a lady, who, as was not uncommon where she lived, carried quite a young child to meeting along with her, and with it a small crockery pitcher of milk, with which to keep the child quiet, and which she placed outside the pew, in the broad aisle. A little troublesome pug that was wandering about the house, on perceiving the pitcher, with difficulty thrust his head in and could not withdraw it; he therefore went off with it, shaking his head and making a hideous noise, the milk meantime running all over him, till the pitcher was smashed into a hundred pieces!

A Dutchman.—A facetious gentleman, travelling in the country, on arriving at his lodging place in the evening, was met by the ostler, whom he thus addressed:—"Boy, extricate that quadruped from the vehicle, stabulate him, devote him an adequate supply of nutritious aliment, and, when the Aurora of morn shall again illumine the oriental horizon, I will reward you with a pecuniary compensation for your amiable hospitality." The boy, not understanding a word, ran into the house, saying: "Master, here's a Dutchman wants to see you."

Anniversary Week.—"Is there a vandue here?" said Mrs. Partington, as she saw a crowd gathered about the door of one of our churches during the week. A gentleman with a white neckcloth informed her that a conference meeting was about being held inside. "A conscience meeting!" said she. "That is a very excellent thing to be sure; and I hope the consciences of all will be touched, and that they will try to do more for the salvation of heathens at home, for Heaven knows there never was so many of 'em. And sometimes I don't know where the most heathens is, out of the church or into it, for the root of all evil is growing to be a great thing, and men root arter it like pigs arter artichokes. Of all the adversary meetings I should think the conscience meetings must be the best." "I think the May training is the best anniversary meeting," said a little voice behind her—and as she looked round, Ike was seen with the ancient umbrella brought to "Present," and his feet beating time to the B. B. B. (Boston Brigade Band,) that then was passing by the foot of the street. She turned round to resume her remarks, but the gentleman with the white cravat had passed in, and she went her way thoughtfully.—*Boston Gazette.*

The Muscular Effects of Ale.—A student of one of our State Colleges had a barrel of ale deposited in his room, contrary to usage. He received a summons to appear before the President, who said:

"Sir, I am informed that you have a barrel of ale in your room."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what explanation can you make?"

"Why, the fact is, sir, my physician advises me to try a little each day as a tonic, and not wishing to stop at the various places where the beverage is retailed, I concluded to have a barrel taken to my room."

"Indeed! And have you derived any benefit from the use of it?"

"Ah, yes, sir. When the barrel was first taken to my room, two days since, I could scarcely lift it. Now I can carry it with the greatest ease."

We believe the witty student was discharged without special reprimand.—*Rochester Union.*

A Puff for Napoleon.—"But, my dear doctor," said I, to the distinguished medical gentleman, who sometime since was an ornament to one of the Cunard steamers, "I will admit that Napoleon Bonaparte had his faults like other mortals; enforced occasionally tyrannical measures; made some errors of judgment, and was actually beaten by the British (with a good deal of foreign assistance) at Waterloo; but you certainly don't mean to tell me that he was a mere lucky adventurer, and had no mental capacity whatever!" "Oh, no, my dear fellah," replied the doctor, adjusting his neckcloth; "you misunderstand me—Bonaparte was clever; I don't deny it; he was by no means destitute of talent; all I mean to say is, that *he was by no means the sort of a man I should want for a friend.*"

A Man That Had Music in His Soul.—It is recorded in the life of the late Mr. Rooke, the composer of the beautiful opera of *Amelie*, that, when quite a youth, he procured a board of the same length and breadth as a bench of piano keys, upon which he marked out the scale, distinguishing the ivory from the ebony by means of black and white paint. Provided with this dumb substitute, he pursued his silent and secret studies; for his plan was not divulged to even the most particular of his friends. An ear naturally most perfect, and a soul attuned to musical sounds, enabled him, in a certain degree, to conceive the audible effects that should arise from the combination of notes upon which his fingers descended; and thus, almost fabulous as it may seem to persons not skilled in music, he persevered in his unique system of practice, until he acquired some knowledge of thorough bass, or harmony, and no contemptible power of fingering, long before he had any opportunity of playing on a real pianoforte. Certainly in all the records of makeshift ingenuity, we shall seek in vain for a more singular instance than this of triumph over a hopeless difficulty.

A Tolerable Marriage Portion.—There is an agreeable story of Sir Astley Cooper now mentioned in connection with medical anecdotes. On the marriage of his nephew to a young lady, the daughter of a very plain old gentleman, a patient, the latter said: "Well, Sir Astley, if you'll put down a few pounds for these silly children, as they will be married, I'll put down the same." Sir Astley was in the zenith of his fame; £40,000 was his first offer. "Very good," said the old cobweb friend, "double it if you wish." "All right," said Sir Astley, "but hold hard, I haven't any gold mines." £160,000 ($800,000) was put down by the two old men on the instant for the young couple about to be married.

Agricultural.

DAIRY MANAGEMENT.

Feeding Cows for Butter---New Views.

BY J. S. HOUGHTON, M. D., PHILADA.

A new and most important scientific and practical fact has recently been developed in England in regard to the economy of the dairy, where butter is the main object, by the experiments of Dr. R. D. Thomson, lecturer on chemistry in the University of Glasgow, which were undertaken, it appears, by order of the British Government, to ascertain the relative butter-producing qualities of barley, malt, molasses, linseed meal and bean-meal, employed in various combinations, with the addition of any good hay to furnish bulk of food for the stomach of the cow, as well as nutritive and fat-forming elements.

In these experiments, which were very carefully conducted, bean-meal and hay produced more butter than any combination of the other articles of food above named. "These facts," says Dr. Thomson, "are not agreeable to the common opinion that the amount of butter afforded by a cow, is a test of the amount of oil contained in the food; and hence we are not entitled to recommend oily food as preferable, for the production of butter, to food which experience teaches us will accomplish this object, though less rich in oleaginous matter."

Bean meal is set down by scientific men as chiefly a nitrogenous or flesh-forming food, closely allied in its nature to the egg, the oyster, lean mutton and beef in animal life, and to cabbage and the cereal grains in vegetable life.

I will not here attempt to give the details of the experiments of Dr. Thomson. Those who wish to inform themselves fully upon the subject will find it useful to consult the entire report "On the Food of Animals," published by C. M. Saxton & Co., New York. I will only add, that the work is so strictly scientific it will probably prove interesting only to those readers who are already familiar with the leading principles of physiological chemistry.

The scientific investigations of Dr. Thomson have received interesting confirmation, as to the soundness of the leading principle, from another series of experiments of a practical, though highly intelligent and somewhat scientific nature, made by a member of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. It will be seen from that Report, that a mixed diet is recommended for dairy cows, where the object is to keep the cattle, in the best possible condition, consisting of bean straw, oat straw, hay, wheat, bran, bean meal, turnips, cabbage and rape-oil-cake. In the production of butter, the highest value is given to the bean-meal and bean straw, and rape-oil-cake, which last is similar to linseed cake. The superior influence of the bean-meal and bean straw, in contrast with linseed cake, is especially worthy of notice.

I come now to the important practical deduction to be made from these new views in reference to feeding dairy cattle. The common idea is, that dairy stock can only be sustained on the richest grass growing and grain-producing land, and that poor, sandy soils are unfit for dairy farms. Science and experience now tell us a different story.

Upon the theory and practice here advanced, common meadow hay or clover, corn fodder, bean straw, (bean vines,) bean-meal, rye bran, (which last is oily,) turnips, carrots, parsnips, and if you please, a little Indian corn meal, would furnish food for dairy cattle capable of producing the greatest possible quantity of butter, and keeping the cows in the best possible condition as respects flesh and fat.

All the substances here presented, as food for dairy stock, can be grown upon sandy soils, such as we find in New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, &c. And upon worn-out farms, where there is usually some low land, or meadow, or even without soil containing much vegetable matter, by the use of small quantities of artificial manure.

There are no soils so poor, (even the worst blowing sands of New Jersey,) that they will not produce beans, or their equivalent the cow pea, or field pea, now so much employed in the South as a renovator of exhausted soils. Beans or field peas can be produced on such soils in profitable abundance without manure, but still better by the aid of lime, plaster of Paris, guano or super-phosphate of lime. The field pea, (which is in reality a bean) gathers much of its vegetable matter and probably nitrogen from the atmosphere, (especially when aided by plaster) and its various inorganic salts, (mineral substances) from the sub-soil, being a vigorous grower, and sending its roots far and wide and deep into the earth in search of food. It rarely suffers from long continued dry weather, and will remain green and healthy at a time when corn leaves are curled up as if burnt with fire. In ninety days, it will make more fodder per acre, than a first rate crop of clover of the second year's growth. Its grain, as will be seen from the experiment alluded to, is equal if not superior as food for dairy cattle to any oily food, and of course far cheaper than corn meal, rape, or linseed. It may be proper to state that I have tested the Southern field pea in New Jersey, for three years, and speak of its qualities in this climate, from positive experience. It is said that on rich clay soils, it will make an excess of vine and will not mature its seed. It should be planted as early as Indian corn, sown broadcast for fodder, and in drills for seed. Seed may be obtained from a broadcast crop. It requires about two bushels of seed per acre broadcast, less for drills.

If meadow hay cannot be obtained on a sandy soil, clover can, after turnips or field peas. Rye also grows profitably on sandy soils, especially after a green crop of peas turned under. Few soils are so poor as not to produce corn fodder, or they may be made to do so by the aid of a green crop, or a little guano, or nitrogenized super-phosphate of lime. Turnips, carrots and parsnips are readily produced, in immense abundance on sandy soils, by the use of super-phosphate of lime alone, or even ground bones. These root crops, indeed, with the field pea, form the basis of good dairy food for a sandy soil; and with their use, clover, timothy, herd grass, orchard grass, and corn fodder will speedily be produced, if the manure of the cattle be carefully and properly saved and judiciously applied. Indian corn and wheat even, may soon be produced, at a profit, by such management.

The bean straw or vines, it will be observed, were steamed before being fed to the cows, in the experiments of the Royal Society; and much of the other food was also steamed or cooked. Dr. Thomson, it is presumed, fed the bean meal in the raw state. Bean straw is a harsh, dry food, unless steamed or soaked in hot water.

If the dairyman on a sandy soil, have no pasture at first, it will follow, under the system of management here suggested, that he will be compelled to keep his cattle constantly in the stable, after the method called "soiling," feeding them in the Spring partly upon dry hay, and partly upon green oat or rye straw, green corn fodder, &c., (or dry fodder if he have it,) until such times as pasture could be produced upon restored land. This, it is presumed, could not profitably be done, except near large cities, where milk and butter were easily marketed, and sold at retail prices; but in such instances it could be done with profit, if the solid and liquid manure were all properly saved and mixed with muck or leaves, or only sprinkled freely with plaster of Paris, as the rapid improvement of the land would pay the extra cost of stall feeding over the economy of pasturing with the loss of manure consequent upon the latter method of feeding. To say the least, the article here referred to, and the views which I have presented, afford many valuable suggestions to the dairyman, which he may improve to much advantage whether located upon a sandy barren soil, or upon one more favorable to the production of grasses and Indian corn.

In the above remarks, nothing is said of hay, clover, rye or wheat bran, because the object was to show how butter could be produced, with the least variety of food, upon a sandy or poor soil. The more varied the food, and the more frequently, (within reasonable limits,) appropriate changes are made in the food of dairy cattle, especially when stall feeding alone is practiced, the better is the result, as every dairyman probably knows. After a special food has been given for two or four weeks, any proper change of food will immediately increase the quantity of milk and butter.

Another advantage of the bean fodder and bean-meal diet as compared with a food largely oily, is this, that while the cows will be kept in good general condition they will not become too fat to yield milk freely.

The whole subject is one of great interest to the cultivators of poor soils, who wish to keep stock and make manure and avoid being ruined by the guano dealers.—*Farm Journal.*

Saving the Trees.—"I noticed a curious process going on the other day in the Champs Elysees at Paris. They were chipping the bark off all the large trees (chiefly elms), in strips from pretty high up the trees to the ground, and covering the exposed part of the wood with some resinous substance that made a varnish in the place of bark. I was told it was to get rid of insects that affected the health of the trees, and they recovered their vigor in a wonderful manner after this process. It had a curious effect, for some of the trees looked as if they were almost entirely barked, others had only one strip of three inches wide down the stem."—*Correspondent of the London Gardener's Chronicle.*

Worms on Peach Trees.—Sometimes it is difficult to find the worm at the earth-collar of a tree, as it rises often a long distance above its original incision between the bark and the tree. The application of boiling water is an efficient remedy; and notwithstanding that we have been cautioned many times against its use, and have been assured that it would kill our trees, we have failed to injure them by such practice.

Excessive Mental Exertion.—A writer in Fraser's Magazine, in an article on the mutual relations of the physical organization and the mental faculties, illustrates the evils of excessive mental exertion by this affecting little anecdote of Sir Walter Scott:—

"One day, when he was exerting himself beyond his powers, Sir Walter said to Captain Basil Hall—who also suffered and died from disease in the brain—'How many hours can you work?' 'Six,' said the captain. 'But can't you put on the spurs?' 'If I do, the horse won't go.' 'So much the better for you,' said Scott, with a sigh; 'when I put on spurs, the horse *will* go well enough, but it is killing the horse.'"

☞ The best capital that a young man can start with in life is industry, good sense, courage and the fear of God.

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.

My 1, 5, 4, 20, 6, 29, was the goddess of idle persons.
My 10, 22, 2, 5, 7, 19, 22, was a daughter of Nerius and Doris, passionately beloved by Polyphemus.
My 3, 5, 4, 8, 9, 15, 29, 27, was one of the three Fates.
My 12, 22, 24, 12, 8, 3, 29, 25, 8, was she son of Lucifer.
My 2, 20, 22, 23, 29, 5, was the muse of astronomy.
My 11, 4, 4, 5, 7, 13, 21, was the god of harrowing.
My 28, 5, 17, 26, 3, 29, 6, 16, 27, was a god of infants.
My 7, 22, 4, 29, 18, 5, was a goddess of silence.
My 30, 11, 17, 29, 10, 16, 27, was a god of corn.
My 14, 22, 17, 15, 3, 5, was the goddess of lies.
My 31, 4, 8, 29, 11, 23, was a companion of Cadmus.
My whole was one of the mythological deities.

GAHNEW.

GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.

My 1, 14, 8, 4, 10, 7, 6, is a seaport of Turkey.
My 2, 10, 1, is part of a dress.
My 3, 10, 20, is what we all do more or less.
My 4, 3, 14, 5, 12, 11, 22, is an adverb.
My 5, 19, 7, 19, is a range of mountains of Beloochistan.
My 6, 22, 7, 21, is always in church.
My 7, 8, 20, is a noun.
My 8, 9, 20, 18, 6, 17, 12, is a large bird.
My 9, 19, 6, 7, is found in every ship or vessel.
My 10, 19, 14, belongs to a boat.
My 11, 8, 1, 16, 22, 6, is a town in Missouri.
My 12, 8, 14, 22, 12, is a useful animal.
My 13, 19, 22, 1, is a cape of Madagascar.
My 14, 19, 20, is a destructive animal.
My 15, 10, 7, 16, was a celebrated lawgiver of Athens.
My 16, 6, 7, is a fluid.
My 17, 6, 7, 1, is an animal.
My 18, 6, 17, 5, 3, 7, 7, 21, is a town in France.
My 19, 11, 4, 7, 21, 22, is a delicious fruit.
My 20, 10, 16, 3, 7, 21, is a town in Utah.
My 21, 19, 18, is an organ of the human system.
My 22, 23, 19, 7, is an animal of the sea.
My whole was a wise and good philosopher of Greece. G. L. H. G———s.

Adams Co., Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 70 letters.

My 7, 11, 24, 4, 60, was a son of Elional.
My 20, 28, 16, 46, 7, 67, is a town in Indiana.
My 10, 65, 66, 9, 31, 55, 27, 62, 33, 3, 69, is an epistle.
My 47, 40, 52, 70, is a harmless bird.
My 8, 22, 54, 25, 29, 23, 30, 66, 43, 20, were put to flight.
My 63, 49, 61, 15, 58, 60, is a sharp instrument.
My 19, 12, 18, 41, 6, 5, 14, is a book in the Bible.
My 45, 34, 30, 51, 33, 64, 7, is one of the United States.
My 36, 48, 60, 13, 50, 1, 39, is an epistle.
My 35, 53, 15, 27, 9, 62, 60, is a town in the United States.
My 29, 57, 17, 21, 32, 30, 28, is one of the United States.
My 42, 59, 44, 64, 38, 31, is a town in the United States.
My whole is a proverb in which there is much truth.

New Milltown. M. H.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My *first* is very often found
In river, creek and ocean;
And always where it does abound
It makes some slight commotion.

There is an honest class of men,
Quite skillful tradesmen reckoned;
Who could not hope much wealth to gain
Unless they had my *second*.

My *third*, although 'tis very small,
'Tis useful (do not doubt it),
For 'tis the truth, I tell to all,
We'd have no *days* without it.

Within the amp'e prairies green,
So grand in every feature!
My *fourth* is very often seen,
A wild and timid creature.

My *whole* is often seen and *felt*
By men of servile station,
Within a distant Eastern land,
Where dwells an ignorant nation.

Brownsboro, Ky. FRANK MADDOX.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first in war is often used,
When the day and fight is o'er.
My second you have often heard
In churches, house and store.
My whole a poet of great fame,
You will find to be the name.

Warren, Vt. HARP.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am a little patch of ground,
Four letters are my utmost bound;
Transposed, I wear out human life,
Again I run with eager strife.

Champlain, N. Y. J. M. B., Jr.

ANAGRAMS.

TOWNS IN THE UNITED STATES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. Die Man.
2. Ask A Ham.
3. Tin Case.
4. Well Ned.
5. Men Nod.
6. Burn Gin Lot.
7. Sore Nig.
8. Oh Well.
9. Worn Bell.
10. Red Nag.
11. Dear C.
12. Rail Fee.
13. No More.
14. Face Urn.
15. Gal Ed.
16. Aunt Ton.

FRENCH BROWN, Jr.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The depth of a hollow pyramidical frustrum is 8 inches; the top diameter is 18 inches, and the bottom diameter is 32 inches; and it has in it so much water that if it be turned over till the surface of the water just touches the lower edge of the top, it will also just touch the upper edge of the bottom. Required the depth of the water when the frustrum is standing upright? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Venango Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ When does a person go to bed and desire to sleep till the next year? Ans.—On the night of the 31st of December. Of course!

☞ Why is the end of a dog's tail like the heart of a tree? Ans.—Because it is farthest from the "bark."

☞ What mountains would we naturally be led to suppose were the highest? Ans.—Mountains of the Moon.

☞ What mountains should we suppose to be clearest? Ans.—The Crystal Mountains.

☞ What Bay would be the best to eat off of? Ans.—Table Bay.

☞ What Gulf seems the most valuable? Ans.—Gulf of Guinea.

☞ What River would be the best to fish with? Ans.—The Seine, of course. A. MARTIN

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Nicholas Leo Count Trinzendorf. POETICAL ENIGMA—Geoffrey Chaucer, "the father of English poetry." MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Neal Dow, the Temperance Reformer. RIDDLE—I. CHARADE—Ontario (tay-rye-o.) CHARADE—Cabin. ANAGRAMS—1. Jewels. 2. Potatoes. 3. Dreams. 4. Sailor. 5. Spit. 6. Onion. 7. Manure. 8. Bloom. MATHEMATICAL QUESTION—Length of the field 80 perches, breadth 60 perches. TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM—60, 80 and 100 rods.